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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. FELIX ANTOINE DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS. By C. de Warmont, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	707
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . .	723
III. MAGAZINE-WRITERS, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	739
IV. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler, author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part VI., . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . .	747
V. WILLIAM ETTY, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	757
VI. AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE. By Thos. Hughes, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	763
VII. THE FRENCH EXPEDITION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA, . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . .	767
VIII. THE ARCHIMANDRITE PALLADIUS, . . .	<i>Academy,</i> . . .	768

POETRY.

CATHEDRAL BELLS AND NEW-YEAR'S EVE, . . .	706	NIGHT, . . .	706
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CATHEDRAL BELLS AND NEW-YEAR'S
EVE.

ONLY a year ago —
And do you remember how
We sat as we're sitting now,
And the fire was low?
And all the room was dark
Behind us, table and chair,
Save when a restless spark
Leapt from the embers there;
And the tick of the clock on the stair,
Or a creak in the oaken floor,
Was all we heard — no more.

For the bells in the minster-tower
Had ended their muffled chime;
And we watched through the solemn time
Before the strike of the hour.
How long it seemed, as with breath
Bated, and straining ear,
We sat as still as death —
So still we seemed to hear
The wings of the flying year
Beat, as it sped apace
Above, through the night and space!

How fast the years go by!
We are sitting here again
As we sat together then
To see the old year die.
Hark! how the wind outside
In the garden among the trees
Sighs with the sound of a rising tide
In far-off seas;
And blown on the fitful breeze
The roll of muffled bells
Swells and sinks and swells.

There — they have stopped at last:
And all the air is dumb,
And wizard memories come
To conjure up the past.
The ghost of days gone by
In well-known shape begins
To rise before my eye.
Old sorrows, joys, and sins,
Dead triumphs and chagrins,
Long-buried hope and pain —
I see them all again.

These moments leave one space
To slip aside from the crowd,
Where the race runs hot and loud,
And meet self face to face.
They give us time to whet
Our wills, and rear a heap
Of aims we soon upset,
And vows we cannot keep,
And know we cannot keep.
How eagerly we weave
This hollow make-believe!

Yet, if it were not thus,
We should almost die of despair;
So let the illusion fair
Stay and encourage us.
Whenever we will what is good
We are better because we willed;
And there's worth in an honest would,

Although it be not fulfilled.
For 'tis not with success that we build
Our life, but with noble endeavor.
Full success is a prize won never.

But, listen! the bells ring out
To usher in the year.
Farewell to every fear!
Farewell to every doubt!
It seems so easy now
(Bells touch one's blood with flame)
To compass every vow,
And realize each aim;
But will it be the same
By to-morrow morning's light?
Oh, ask not that — good-night.

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON.

Good Words.

NIGHT.

SLOWLY the sunset fades;
Night's shadows fall;
The pale moon glimmers thro' the shades
About the poplars tall;
The river's waves amid the reeds
Like wan grey serpents crawl.
A hushing wind doth go
In secret, where
The rushes bend with the waves' flow,
And the reeds twist like hair —
Slow stealing, till it takes the ashen boughs
With sudden gusts of air.

Somewhere, a too-late bird
Makes shrilly sound;
Close by, the marsh frogs are heard
Upon the weedy ground;
A white owl flits on ghostly wing,
And the bats swarm around.

The quivering planets shine
Through the black night;
They seem to hang like fireflies on
The tree-tops all alight:
The rustling topmost leaves all gleam
With silvery white.

The pale moon grows apace
A warmer hue;
It draws a veil across the face
Of night, which looketh through;
It floods the hills and hidden dells
With misty, yellowy dew.

Like pale gold dew it lies
On half-seen trees;
With broad and yellow sheets it clads
The sloping flowery leas;
Its misty smile in the far skies
Lights up the restless seas.

A hushing wind doth go
In secret, where
The reeds within the river's flow
Wave like long twisted hair,
And dies in silence on the lips
Of lilies lying there.

Good Words.

WILLIAM SHARP.

From The Nineteenth Century.

FELIX ANTOINE DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

ON the 17th of May, 1838, the last scene was acted in the life of a man, who, all must acknowledge, played his part with a skill all the more perfect, in that he was undisturbed either by the movements of conscience, or the passionate emotions of more candid natures. Talleyrand was dying. For some months past the decay of his physical strength warned him of this moment, for which he had long prepared himself in his own fashion. His official departure from the world which he had helped to govern, and whose attention he had still longer engaged, followed the speech which he delivered on the 3rd of March, 1838, in memory of Count Reinhardt. From that time forward he was anxiously occupied with another matter. His object was to find a link, across so many years, with that first part of his public life which found its final expression on that memorable day, when he, as Bishop of Autun, celebrated high mass in the Champ de Mars to commemorate the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and afterwards with a daring hand blessed the banner of revolutionary France. Since then he had lived the life we know, and in which the marriage contracted in America was not the greatest difficulty which stood in the way of his reconciliation with the Catholic Church. That, however, and, as its consequence, the honors of ecclesiastical burial, was the desire of the grand seigneur, to whom nothing seemed so ungentlemanlike as a display of unbelief, and who used to say during the last years of his life, "*Je n'ai qu'une peur, c'est celle des inconvenances.*" The family of the prince also on their part pressed for this reconciliation.

The Duchess de Dino, his niece, had given her daughter, whom Talleyrand used to call "*l'idole de sa vieillesse*," a teacher of religion in the person of Abbé Dupanloup, who, although still young, had attracted attention by the zeal and talent which he displayed.

One day in the spring of 1838, Talleyrand invited him to dine. The priest excused himself, saying he was not a man of

the world, a subterfuge which drew upon him from the prince the complimentary remark, "*Cet homme ne sait pas son métier.*" In the mean time, Talleyrand drew up several forms of submission, and consulted Dupanloup on the subject. These were, however, rejected, and at last the proposition was made to the prince that he should simply sign a declaration which was drawn up specially for him. Whether or not Dupanloup was its author is unknown, but it was deemed sufficient in Rome. When, however, it was again presented to this singular penitent, he locked it up in his writing-table and met all remarks with the characteristic words *pas encore*. On the morning of his death, whilst the illustrious and great of the political and aristocratic world thronged the door at the entrance of his bed-chamber, the young pupil of Dupanloup asked the blessing of her teacher, went to the bedside of her grand-uncle, and, with a last earnest prayer, besought him to make his peace with God. Talleyrand granted to her tears his signature to the retraction which was once more read aloud, and then he received the consolations of his Church. Royer-Collard, who was present, said to Dupanloup, "*M. l'Abbé, vous êtes un prêtre.*" In consequence of this scene, the name of Dupanloup became more widely known, and was never again, with the exception of some insignificant intervals, withdrawn from publicity.

Félix Antoine Dupanloup was born a French subject at St. Félix in Savoy, on the 3rd of January, 1802, in what was then the department of Mont Blanc, although the French did not take solemn possession of the country until the month of July following. The most different and most contradictory stories have been spread as regards his birth. He considered himself to be the child of poor country people, and kept up friendly relations with the members of his family whenever he visited his birthplace. He showed himself a true son of the mountains in his ardent affection for his native country, and it was well known in Orleans that the bishop never met a little Savoyard without giving him a friendly greeting, a little present, and his blessing.

His uncle, a parish priest in the neighborhood of his birthplace, gave him the rudiments of education, and sent the high-spirited and talented boy to Paris in 1815, where he first of all studied for the space of three years in a half ecclesiastical, half secular school, in the Rue du Regard, then from 1818 in the seminary of St. Nicolas, till finally in 1820, he entered St. Sulpice. Some characteristic stories are told of this youthful period. When he exchanged his first school for the second, he left it as the best scholar in his class. Notwithstanding this, they wished at St. Nicolas to make him go through this class again, on the pretext that their standard was far higher. The boy begged and prayed of his teachers to give him at least a chance, but in vain. He declared at last that he would not offer further opposition, but that he would do no more work. The professors, who could press out of him neither an answer nor a task, had to give way, and the boy became again the first, and attained at the end of the year the distinctions of his class.

As a seminarist at St. Sulpice, he made acquaintance with a man still young, whose resolution to become a priest had made a very intelligible sensation. This was the Duc de Rohan, whom a frightful catastrophe induced to take this step. His wife's dress had caught fire as she was standing near a chimneypiece, and she died in consequence. Some years afterwards, in 1819, he entered the seminary, and there became such a friend of young Dupanloup's, that he was in the habit of asking him for the vacation to his château at La Roche Guyon. It was there in the autumn of 1826 that he made the acquaintance of Montalembert, then sixteen years old, and both firmly preserved the impressions of their first meeting. Looking back upon these days Dupanloup wrote in 1861: "Shortly before, Montalembert had left college, where he had taken the first prize in French literature. Already at that time he was a conscientious Christian, a sincere Catholic, zealously applying himself to study, and full of pugnacity. One felt already that, as he said himself, he was ready for war, and that a defender

of freedom and of right had arisen in him."*

Montalembert on his part expressed himself not less favorably in regard to the young priest, whose extraordinary gifts had not escaped him, but then he adds, "A half-hour's talk with the duc and his friend, showed me that on no point did we agree. No matter, I must master myself. I have known how to preserve my religion in the midst of one hundred and twenty infidels at college, and I hope that God will give me the grace to preserve my opinions on liberty and independence in spite of a dozen absolutists." And once more, coming back to the subject of his noble host, whose piety and charity he highly respected, he added, "I can't, however, give my inmost soul to a priest and a Frenchman, for whom freedom and constitutional equality are chimeras. Thoughts must agree, if hearts are to beat in unison."†

During the last twenty years of their lives, Dupanloup and Montalembert became warm and true friends, but the words just quoted indicate the reasons, and to some extent the prejudices, which caused their roads so long to run parallel before they joined. A prejudice it certainly was, to assume Dupanloup's agreement with the ultra-royalism of Rohan, but the true differences between him and Montalembert, which revealed and accentuated themselves in the course of the following years, were of such moment, that they played a great and important part, not only in their individual histories but in that of the French Church. They were partly of a political and partly of a personal character.

The men who surrounded Dupanloup in the days of his youth were the director of the seminary of St. Sulpice, M. Hamon, the Duc de Rohan, Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, Feutrier, curé of the Madeleine, and afterwards minister of education and Bishop of Beauvais, and above all, Frayssinous.

All these were royalists and true to the

* Dupanloup, "*Les Moines d'Occident*," *Correspondant*, Jan. 1861.

† Montalembert, "*Lettres à Léon Cornudet*."

traditions of the French monarchy and Church as these existed before 1789. The life of Dupanloup was influenced by them to the very last. After he was ordained priest in 1825, he was entrusted with a work which he always considered as his first and most important one. This friend of children and of youth commenced his experience in the field of education by teaching children their catechism, and this with such zeal, and in so interesting a fashion, that many parents whose attention had been drawn to him by the remarks of their children formed part of his audience. Placed by Feutrier, who had founded it, at the head of the Académie St. Hyacinthe, he worked for ten years as teacher of religion in a manner which brought him into continual intellectual intercourse with the rising generation, and the results of this are still living in the grateful remembrance of many, and are, to some extent at least, preserved in the notes of one of his hearers.* The further consequence of this was, that he was appointed in 1827 confessor to the little Duc de Bordeaux, and in 1828, teacher of religion to the Princes of Orleans, a position from whose double responsibility he was promptly relieved by the Revolution of 1830.

This event brought to the front a group of men whose increasing influence soon threw Dupanloup's friends into the shade, and from whom he was divided not so much by external circumstances and personal relations as by his intellectual disposition.

He took holy orders at an exceptionally memorable time. His first year in St. Sulpice, 1821, was the death-year of Count Joseph de Maistre. The latter was completely disappointed in the expectations which he associated in his mind with the idea of a monarchical restoration, and thought that, as Europe would perish along with him, "*C'était s'en aller en bonne compagnie.*" We cannot here allow ourselves to notice at length this extraordinary man. His importance, however, may be perceived by a comparison between the state of affairs in 1796, when he wrote his first

work, "*Les Considérations sur la France,*" and in 1819 when he published his last one, "*Le Livre du Pape.*"

The Gallican Church which perished in the Revolution numbered, on the eve of 1789, 18 archbishops, 113 bishops, 1,922 abbés, and 28 religious communities in 24,089 convents. The number of the regulars was about sixty thousand, the secular clergy were reckoned at seventy thousand, so that about one hundred and thirty thousand persons may be counted as belonging to the clerical order. A property of nearly four milliards in value with an income of two hundred millions of francs corresponded to this numerical strength.* This property had outlived the political importance of the order to whom, in the course of centuries, it had been confided, and besides, was divided very disproportionately among the clergy. While many high dignitaries of the Church united numerous benefices in one hand, the parish clergy were obliged to extract a barely sufficient income from their congregations, who were often not less poor and needy than they were themselves, and the two hundred and eight parish priests who found themselves among the three hundred deputies of the clerical order in 1789, by the opposition which they offered to the formation of a second chamber contributed their full share to the final result.

By the suppression of the religious communities, and the proposition of Mirabeau that the property of the Church should be placed at the disposal of the nation, the whole organization of the French Church was destroyed from its foundation. The attempt made by the *constitution civile du clergé* to bring the ecclesiastical organization in harmony with the political, failed by reason of the impossibility of reforming an ecclesiastical society like the Catholic Church by interference from without. With few exceptions the bishops and the clergy preferred persecution and exile to swearing fidelity to the constitution; and when ten years later the first consul resolved to re-establish the hierarchy, the position was such, that any proposition, in

* "*La Chapelle St. Hyacinthe, Souvenirs des Catholiques de la Madeleine.*" Par un ancien disciple de Mgr. l'Evêque d'Orléans, 1825-35.

* Compare Taine, "*L'ancien Régime*;" Delbos, "*L'Eglise de France*;" and Guettée, "*Histoire de l'Eglise de France.*"

the very smallest degree acceptable, was sure of a favorable reception in Rome. The work of Napoleon was worthy of its author. In spite of the protests against their forcible deposition, of thirty-six bishops of the old Gallican Church, he handed over to Pius the Seventh a completely centralized ecclesiastical organization, with the well-premeditated resolution to wield himself, by means of the pope, so excellent an instrument of power. The pecuniary position assigned to the clergy will not bear comparison with the past. The French bishops now could not meet the responsibilities and charges of their official position, were it not for the generosity of the French people. The situation of the parish priest, on the other hand, was hardly altered by the new state of things. Instead of the seven hundred livres, average stipend under the *ancien régime*, he gets now nine hundred francs, and in a speech in the Senate in 1876, Bishop Dupanloup attributed in so many words the early death of many priests to the circumstance that they often wanted the bare necessities of life. Moreover, the clergy lost through the new Concordat the last remnant of its independence in its relation with the bishops.

The ecclesiastical tribunals to whose decisions in ecclesiastical questions the priest could formerly appeal against the despotism of his superior, were suppressed, and the maintenance in the organic articles of *appels comme d'abus* which should be brought before the Conseil d'Etat, was too often illusory, because parishes were not given to parish priests in the ordinary sense of the word, but were conferred upon so-called *prêtres desservants*, so that an act of independence of authority on the part of the majority of the French priests, without consequent loss of position, is no longer to be thought of. It was the second time since 1516 that overpowering political reasons determined the very conditions of existence for the Gallican Church, without an ear being given to what she herself might have to say.*

To these internal changes the external difficulties have to be added, which the Church had to encounter after her restoration. All relations between the clergy and the nation were broken, their educational establishments destroyed, their institutions ruined, and theological education exiled to the episcopal seminaries, which had neither

the intellectual nor the material means to fulfil their task. In the mean time, the generation which had grown up since the Revolution was estranged from religion, if not hostile to it. Under such circumstances it was most important, and in some respects even decisive, for the French Church, that the impulse to a change of opinion was given not by clergymen, but by laymen.

Chateaubriand was the first who stepped into the lists, and with the "*Génie du Christianisme*" undertook the artistic and literary rehabilitation of Christianity, and especially of Catholic Christianity. It remains his undisputed merit that he risked his literary reputation at a moment when nothing justified the hope that he would succeed in turning the prejudices of the world in favor of the ideas he defended. As an apology for Christianity the work of Chateaubriand was never of great value, and has long been open to every kind of objection. As a poetical illustration it has not yet lost its charm. It won for it youth, which was filled with enthusiasm for the poetical figures which he had surrounded with a religious halo. It propitiated the cultivated, and was the foundation of a religious revival, which was true to the master in these respects, that practice did not keep pace with theory, that the intelligence was more excited than the heart, and that it was often more a question of æsthetical enjoyment than of internal regeneration. Overshadowed by Chateaubriand, and, from the nature of his mind, active in a much narrower circle, Vicomte de Bonald opposed to the revolutionary theory the inflexible doctrine of absolute power in Church and State, and endeavored, by word and example, in private and in public, to convince society once more of the necessity of reverence and of rigid morality. Honorable and inflexible, he influenced men, not less by the respect accorded to his character, than by writings in which Count Joseph de Maistre welcomed the conclusions of a kindred spirit. It was reserved, however, for the latter, to stamp his personality upon the entire direction of, and to give an impulse to, the religious movement in France, which on the whole it follows to this hour. This Catholic Voltaire, as he has often been called, was above all things a passionate, restless, irreconcilable adversary of Rousseau, and his opposition to him acquired the acrimonious character of a personal quarrel. De Maistre opposed the doctrine of original sin, and the radical depravity of all flesh, to the belief in the original goodness and

* The influence of Napoleon as one of the chief authors of Ultramontanism in France, is exceedingly well explained by M. de Meaux, "*La Question religieuse au Sénat*," *Correspondant*, Mars 1865, p. 457.

the indefinite perfectibility of human nature, which was the basis of the whole theory of Rousseau. He delighted in contrasting, with an irony which recalls Pascal, the bitter reality with the Utopias of the eighteenth century, and concludes, alluding to his own life: "*Je ne sais ce qu'est la vie d'un coquin, j'en l'ai jamais été, mais la vie d'un honnête homme est abominable.*"*

De Maistre saw no salvation for fallen human nature out of Christianity, which seemed to him to exist in original purity only in the Catholic Church, because there alone all things were reduced to the principle of authority. In his definition of this principle of authority he concurs with Bonald. "There is no human society," he says, "without government, no government without sovereignty, no sovereignty without infallibility, and the last privilege is so indispensable that it is necessary to assume it where it does not exist—viz. in temporal sovereignties, because otherwise society would be disintegrated."† "If we wish to express ourselves correctly," says De Maistre in another place, "we must not talk about limited sovereignties; they are all unlimited and infallible, because it was never and nowhere permitted to say to them that they have erred, for herewith the right would follow to renounce allegiance to them."‡ Though different in their spheres of action, the nature and substance of power is the same in the spiritual as in the temporal authority, only, the former possesses those prerogatives in a far higher measure; for there infallibility is of divine origin, and hence the final decision rests with it. "Perhaps," wrote De Maistre in 1815, "we laymen may be able to place means of defence at the disposition of the pope, which may prove all the more useful, that they have been forged in the camp of the enemy."§ He did not know then that it would be a priest who would become his intellectual heir, for it was some time later that he made the acquaintance of Abbé de Lamennais. "What is truth, M. l'Abbé?" he wrote to him shortly before his death, with that singular mixture of worldling and prophet so peculiar to him. "The one person who could have answered this question did not choose to do so." . . . "Do not misuse your talent; nature has given you material for bombshells, don't make shot of it to shoot

sparrows; gather up your strength, give us something great."* His wish was gratified. It was De Maistre who presented to the pope the first volume of the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence.*" The days, when it might have been believed that Christianity need no longer be taken into account, seemed over. The book came almost as a portent, and shook for a long time the minds of men from their repose.

Lamennais attributed the sources of indifferentism to the contempt of authority, and the supremacy of individual reason. In opposition to Descartes, he founded certainty upon the authority of the universal human race, and undertook to prove the accord between mere historical tradition and the teaching of the Catholic Church. All conclusions of reason, said Lamennais, are subject to error. In the mass of existing theories, in the perpetual conflict of opinions, it is impossible to distinguish truth from error; science furnishes no certain results; evidence itself gives no certainty; we must, however, have truth, and consequently an infallible source of truth. No such source is in the individual himself, therefore he must seek it without himself—in the *sensus communis*, that is to say, in those root ideas upon which all are agreed; the greater the number of such witnesses, which a doctrine or an idea can produce in its favor, the nearer truth it is. But all truths, necessary for mankind, have originally been revealed by God, preserved by tradition, and also surrounded by the authority which this general consent of mankind furnishes. Finally, they have developed themselves in Christianity, and in the Catholic Church, and embodied themselves in the pope, its head, who therefore is, as it were, the divine intelligence become objective. To him, as the infallible bearer and guardian of the universal knowledge, this itself witnesses, and from him alone the reason of the individual receives truth. All authority and sovereignty are in the last instance founded upon his. He decides upon the problems of science and over the destinies of nations, and is the living tradition of mankind.

The older generation among the French clergy—which at the time when the first volumes appeared still reckoned amongst its members two of its brightest ornaments, Cardinals Bausset and De la Luzerne—was at first so little suspicious, that Frayssinous himself recommended the book,

* De Maistre, "*Lettres et Opuscules*," vol. i., p. 407. Paris, 1851.

† "*Du Pape*," livre i., p. 93.

‡ Ibid. livre ii., p. 165.

§ De Maistre, "*Lettres et Opuscules*," vol. i., p. 296.

* De Maistre, "*Lettres inédites*," Paris, 1851, p. 500.

and made use of the expression, "that a dead man would be raised again by it." Scruples began first to arise when Lamennais came forward with his entire system. Already, however, in 1820, Joubert wrote to his old friend Chateaubriand: "Lamennais is very much blamed in St. Sulpice, where they rightly think that as he shakes the foundations of all human knowledge in order to let authority stand alone, authority itself will in the end be destroyed."* These opinions were shared by a great number of bishops. It was Lamennais, however, who commenced hostilities, when in 1823 he attacked the University in the *Drapeau Blanc*. He did this in a letter to Frayssinous, in which he described the whole institution as godless, and demanded its suppression, and that the entire education of the country should be given over to the clergy. A year later, 1824, he went to Rome, in order to appeal directly to the pope against the hostile dispositions of the French episcopate in his regard. The pope offered him the purple, and greeted him as "the last of the Fathers." When he returned to France, he broke at the same time with both Legitimists and Liberals, began an open war against the government, which neither could nor would adopt his extreme ideas, and by his attacks provoked the episcopate to the declaration of the 7th of April, 1826, in which for the last time eighty-four French bishops adopted as their own, in a more or less precise form, the principles of the Gallican Church. The prosecution of theological war against Lamennais was principally carried on from St. Sulpice, whence Frayssinous, who, since 1825, was created grand master of the University, made a last effort by means of his book, "*Les vrais principes de l'Eglise Gallicane sur la puissance ecclésiastique*," to mediate between the parties. When in 1830 the monarchy of Charles the Tenth was overturned, in no slight degree because its position, as regards the Church, seemed to endanger the liberties of the nation, Lamennais descended into the arena with a programme, which for years had been ripening in his mind. The sympathies of the majority of the young clergy were enlisted by the names of the priests Lacordaire, Combalot, Gerbet, De Salinis, and Rohrbacher, who helped to edit his newspaper *L'Avenir*. The daring programme of Lamennais; the abolition of the Concordat and of the *Budget du Culte*, administrative decentralization, the freedom of

conscience and of the press, and the unlimited right of association, seemed to contain the promise of a new future. Young aspiring intellects could not withstand that strong mind, which had a command of diction, capable of passing with equal facility from the most tender of pathetic tones to the highest expression of passion, and which for its clear beauty or tempestuous power will live as long as French prose. It is most important to remember, that with the exception of Ravignan, who, being a Jesuit, did not come in his way, Gratry and Dupanloup were almost the only remarkable priests of that generation, whom we miss in the circle of the disciples of Lamennais. And here we cannot omit to observe, that it has become a habit to regard Dupanloup as the personification of the militant element of the Church, and, because he struggled much, to conclude that he loved strife. This judgment takes only into account the years during which the responsibilities of his position determined his entrance on the scene, and not those early years when he, from free choice, passed by the man, who was called the "prince of invective," and of whom it was said that he carried a sword in his mouth. Dupanloup's name is wanting in the controversies of the *Avenir*. Yet two short years, and the tempestuous part of this journal was played out, and, in his inmost soul, Lamennais had as completely broken with the papacy, as he had with the monarchy in 1825. It is the inevitable consequence of his system that it, in the last resort, must do homage to the sovereign people, as a true bearer of that unlimited authority, which Gregory the Sixteenth refused with alarm to accept. At an audience in the Vatican, which Montalembert had in the year 1836, Gregory the Sixteenth, speaking of Lamennais, said: "*Questo abbate voleva dar mi un potere*," and lifting up both his hands continued, "*un potere col quale io non avrei saputo che fare*." What subsequently took place, and how the intellectual heir of De Maistre has become an authority for social democrats in Germany, is not here the question, but it cannot be enough insisted upon, that long after he lost Christianity with the Church, and our Saviour with the pope, the spirit of the Lamennais of 1830 remained with those whom he repelled, and who now, on their part, denied him. The ground which he prepared has been cultivated beyond expectation, the arms which he threw away have been again brightly polished, and the spirits which he evoked have not yet been laid.

* Joubert, "*Pensées et Correspondance*," vol. ii.

In the completeness of the victory he would, indeed, now see his hardest punishment. To hinder or stem the tide of this victory was the endeavor of Dupanloup during the thirty years of his episcopate, and at last he sank under it. This struggle is the real history of his life. But in the mean time, a peaceful period was granted him, upon which he always looked back with predilection.

After the revolution of 1830, he changed the position of almoner to Mme. la Dauphine, which he had hardly entered upon, for that of a prefect of studies in a Parisian *petit séminaire*, and became besides, in 1835, curate in the parish of Saint Roch, where he preached the Lents of 1836 and 1837, and founded his reputation as an orator. During these years he lived with his mother, whom he loved with exceptional fondness, and devoted himself to the study of the fathers of the Church, of Bossuet, and particularly of Fénelon, who was his favorite author, and from whose works he published a series of writings.*

He was obliged to accept, in 1837, the position of superior of the seminary which he had formerly declined, and at the same time Mgr. de Quélen appointed him his vicar-general. He did not, however, hold this position long, for De Quélen died in 1839. The choice of his successor was most important for the government, who had never been able to reconcile the Legitimist archbishop. There were two candidates: one was the Archbishop Mathieu of Besançon, who was supported by Dupanloup with all his might, in the name of the Legitimists; the other, a former vicar-general of Quélen, Abbé Denis Affre, was favored by Montalembert, who introduced him to the minister, M. Thiers. When Affre became archbishop, he wished to retain Dupanloup, whom he highly respected, as his vicar-general. The latter, however, retained only the title, and in 1845 resigned all his positions, except an honorary canonry of Notre Dame. Many of his writings on education date from this time, among which the most remarkable, his book "*De l'Education*," was his literary title to enter the Académie. If everything was collected which Dupanloup wrote upon education up to the day of his death, these writings would form not less than twenty-five volumes; and yet he is distinguished from so many others in this, that his books did not originate in the closet, but in lively

intercourse with youth and with the world in general. It was his special characteristic as a teacher, as it was his privilege as a priest, that he addressed his advice not less to the great than to the small, in harmony with the words of Goethe, —

Man könnte erzogene Kinder gebären
Wenn nur die Eltern selber erzogen wären.

His model and countryman, Francis of Sales, once ordered Madame de Chantal, when he called upon her to enter a convent, to walk over the body of her son, who had fallen at her feet in order by his supplications to hinder her project. Whether Dupanloup would have called for a similar sacrifice we know not, but it expresses the demands upon others of a peculiar and energetic nature, which would tolerate in its neighborhood no comfortable dilettantism. He required from men definite work and strong discipline in life. He directed that women, even married women, should earnestly employ themselves for several hours a day, and whoever followed his advice ran no danger of wasting time in empty dissipation. What he required was work, no matter whether the success was proportionate to the labor, for he rightly deemed the negative result of the exclusion of idleness a gain in life. Dupanloup had quite exceptional success with his youth at St. Nicolas. M. Thiers and others pronounced the education there given a model one, and it was considered a distinction to be received there. The superior was indefatigable, he overlooked nothing, and was accustomed to say that the educator must look after everything, "*depuis l'âme de l'enfant jusqu'aux cordons de ses souliers*." The system which he followed rested principally on exciting the ambition. He rewarded much, and seldom punished. The sober-minded and sedate Archbishop Affre had other ideas. The method of Port Royal floated before his eyes. What he desired was not excitement, but severe simplicity, so that, above all, the love of truth should be strengthened in the children. This difference in their views induced Dupanloup to resign, but yet he did not in consequence cease to work at the side of the archbishop, whom he earnestly revered. Later, when he became a bishop himself, he was able, in one of those educational establishments founded by him — La Chapelle Saint Mesmin, on the Loire — to carry out his plans unhindered. Under the direction of a German, M. Hetsch, formerly a physician, who had become a Catholic and a priest, the youth were edu-

* Amongst others, "*Le Christianisme présenté aux hommes du Monde*;" "*La vraie et solide piété sacerdotale*," 1837; "*La vraie et solide piété recueillie de Fénelon*," 1845.

cated as much as possible on the English system, and here also particular importance was attached to classical studies. Representations of Greek dramas, which even Parisian authorities came to see, were given in Saint Mesmin; and the still more singular spectacle was afforded of aquatic sports on the Loire, and games after the English fashion. It was also a question of education and instruction which at last brought Dupanloup into the political arena which he had so long avoided.

The revised charter of 1830 admitted, in article sixty-nine, the necessity of a speedy reform in the educational system. This question occupied all the cabinets formed under Louis Philippe, and every minister of education—Guizot, Thiers, Broglie, Cousin, Villemain, Salvandy—who succeeded each other during his reign. Each of these men saw that the monopoly of instruction which Napoleon had bestowed upon his own creation, the *Université de France*, must give way to competition. Their activity in the way of reform, however, was limited to the primary schools, and intermediate education in the lyceums and colleges. Guizot's law of June 28, 1833, left indeed the primary schools under the supreme direction of the University, but, with this restriction, the communes had the power of handing them over to religious orders, the local clergyman became a member of the school council, whose privileges were extended, and whenever local means were insufficient, the State gave material aid. Catholics, like other people, acknowledged the just and equitable spirit of this legislation.* It was Guizot's intention to bring forward similar proposals for intermediate education, and to establish open competition between clergy and laity, individuals and corporations. The same idea was destined to lead to an understanding in 1850, but years of contest and of the most embittered passions lay between,—one ministerial measure after another was sacrificed to them, and from 1842 this question acquired the significance of a political programme, and led to the formation of the Catholic party.

It was under this banner, again brought forth from the armory of the *Avenir*, that Count Montalembert, now thirty-three years old, began his parliamentary career. Carrying the bishops along with him in the contest, he got up a perfect storm of petitions throughout France, obtained for his

purpose the *Correspondant* as a monthly periodical, and as a newspaper *L'Univers*, and for the space of ten years, in the Chamber of Peers, devoted to the furtherance of his cause an eloquence often vehement and not always just, but never ignoble or devoid of dignity. The demand for freedom of education was intimately connected with the desire for liberty of association, because by this means alone the Jesuits—an order that was really only tolerated—the Dominicans—who just at that time were being adorned by Lacordaire—and with them so many other religious communities, could be utilized for the purposes of education.

It seemed the more imperative that the ecclesiastical champions should proceed with moderation, because, by the mere fact of the Church obtaining those equal rights to which she was entitled, such enormous advantages would accrue to her from resources, of which she alone had the power to dispose. Unfortunately these expectations were not fulfilled. After a few years, the cry for open competition was drowned in invectives against the whole University, to which Quinet and Michelet replied by most violent attacks upon the Jesuits. Louis Veuillot, who had shortly before been converted from a disciple of Voltaire into a Catholic, wrote in the *Univers*, addressing himself to the government: "You fear the Church, but you will be forced to will what she wills, for the fact is, you only exist because she permits it." The episcopate was already divided: at Lyons that was supported which at Paris was condemned. But still, a large majority of the bishops were on the side of moderation and fairness. The two best works written in this spirit were, the one by the Jesuit Ravignan,* the other by the Abbé Dupanloup.† Sainte-Beuve, who never bore the last-named author much good-will, said in the *Chroniques parisiennes*, when the impression of Dupanloup's book was fresh upon him, that it was "*très-honorable et d'un ton parfait*."

"What is it," Dupanloup wrote, "that is really meant when we speak of the spirit of the French Revolution? Are our free institutions meant by it, or liberty of conscience, or political, civil, individual liberty, liberty of opinion, of education, and of the family, equality before the law and in the distribution of offices and taxes? We likewise desire all these things; and demand them for ourselves and others."

* Ravignan: "*De l'existence et de l'institut des Jésuites*."

† Dupanloup, "*De la pacification religieuse*."

* See, amongst others, Carné, in the *Correspondant*, 1843, p. 297.

In the same work Dupanloup declared most explicitly that he was entirely for Guizot's bill. "His measure," he says, "is the only liberal and truly political one, and worthy of the charter. It satisfies every demand, and is the only one capable of effecting that great and desirable work, the re-establishment in France of religious peace."* Guizot, on his part, declared from the tribune "that the University was infringing rights, and not taking sufficiently into account religious convictions." This was in the year 1847, and Catholics were under no illusion in describing the turn affairs had taken in public opinion, as well as in Parliament, as one beyond all expectation favorable to them. They were certain of success as far as the government was concerned. But whether this success did not cost them excessive sacrifices in their own camp, is a question on which it is worth while to listen to those who were best acquainted with all the circumstances, and took the clearest view of them. At the head of these is Archbishop Affre. He lifted up a voice of warning as early as 1844, saying: "A most offensive tone has been chosen and a very unchristian manner has been adopted for the defence of Christianity." Dubourg, Archbishop of Besançon, expressed himself equally plainly when he said: "Catholic journalism is ruining us." F. Ozanam, who, being himself a professor of the University, was able, better than most, to distinguish just reproaches from unjust demands, and who could not be suspected of lukewarmness, for he was a real apostle among the poor, and an example to teachers, thought it most important that strife should be avoided, that a Catholic party should not be formed, and men alien to the faith transformed into enemies of the Church.† De Tocqueville judged in like manner, although he was a decided partisan of free competition. He said: "I have in vain tried to promote moderation; but now I can do nothing more, and like so many great affairs in this world, this also is left to the chapter of accidents."‡

This chapter was opened in the tempest of 1848. After the election of Louis Napoleon as president of the republic, the portfolio of education was given by him to Falloux, a friend of Montalembert, as a

pledge to the Conservative and Catholic party. It was Falloux who, soon after his appointment, summoned a commission, in 1848, to work out the draft of a new education bill. It consisted of twenty-four members. The editors of the *Ami de la Religion* and *Union* (Riancey and Laurentie), Montalembert, Abbé Dupanloup, and Abbé Sibour, Corcelles, Melun and Augustine Cochin, represented Catholic interests; the University sent Cousin, Saint-Marc, Girardin, Dubois, professors from all parts of France, among them a Protestant clergyman. Falloux was president, Thiers vice-president, whom also the Legislative Assembly had elected to bring up the report. The bill was in its essential features a compromise between the two contending parties. It touched but slightly upon academical studies properly so called, it modified Guizot's law, principally by rendering all schoolmasters liable to be removed, but it changed considerably the condition of intermediate education. The University remained as it was, and retained the right of granting degrees, and of nominating two-thirds of the inspectors for the whole of France. But besides the State institutions, free schools under certain fixed conditions might be established. But the great difficulty for the commission was the question of religious orders. Thiers was quite ready to accept the principle of liberty of education, but with the exclusion of the Jesuits; it was his opinion that they were unnecessary, and that public opinion was against them. Dupanloup replied, in eloquent terms, that certainly the Jesuits were by no means indispensable to the Church, but all the more indispensable to her were justice and protection for the innocent. On his way from the sitting of the commission to the Assembly, Thiers said to his companion Montalembert: "*Le diable d'abbé, il a joliment parlé, la justice et l'innocence!*" and shaking his head, repeated several times, "*la justice et l'innocence!*" He then proposed to Montalembert that he should undertake in his stead the defence of the religious orders. "You will produce no impression," said Thiers to him, "but I shall." When he came in his speech to the passage: "*Maintenant, passons aux Jésuites,*" he was interrupted by a cry from the left: "*Oui, vous êtes passé aux Jésuites.*" Thiers, however, did not allow himself to be put out, and replied that liberty of education and of association were written in the constitution.* Subsequently, in

* Dupanloup, "*Défense de la liberté de l'Eglise,*" vol. i., p. 408.

† Ozanam, "*Cœuvres complètes,*" vol. xi., pp. 44-47, 55-59. At p. 84 there are these remarkable words: "I do not desire to see a Catholic party, for then there would no longer be a Catholic nation."

‡ De Tocqueville, "*Nouvelle correspondance inédite,*" pp. 212 and 215.

* The above anecdote was told by Montalembert to a friend who noted it down.

March 1850, the so-called Falloux law was carried by about four hundred, as against two hundred and fifty votes, all the Conservatives, including the Orleanists, voting for it.

This was the solution of the conflict which had lasted for more than twenty years. All just and reasonable people considered it as the best that could have been obtained under the circumstances; it wounded conflicting interests as little as possible, it gave an open field to individual activity. But, for this very reason, it did not seem acceptable to extreme parties. Nothing less was to be expected from the left, but that they should stigmatise and reject it, as a "*loi de sacristie*:" on the other hand, the revolt of the *Univers* was quite unexpected by the public at large; it tried to bring about the miscarriage of the bill, and on the evening before the last great debate upon it in the Assembly, the 13th of January 1850, this journal openly uttered the word "treason." In that debate, Montalembert again spoke: "After this bill is carried," he said, "Catholics will no longer be in want of liberty, but rather liberty will stand in want of Catholics."* Veuillot retorted: "The ministry of education is still the ministry of the University; we hold that one of our party must enter this fortress of monopoly only through the breach, and in order to level it forever with the ground."

With the instinct of self-preservation, Veuillot recognized, from the first, his real adversary in Count Falloux. In 1848 a provincial journal published an article, which said: "Is it advisable to maintain the position, strategy, and organization, which hitherto has been called the Catholic party? After a strict investigation, and not without a certain reluctance, we answer this question in the negative. We repeat daily that parties exist no longer. Well, then, we make no exception in favor of the Catholic party!"† This article was written by Falloux. Veuillot never forgot it, and when Falloux's education bill was laid before him, he rejected it in these words: "Every compromise contains in itself the germ of future dissension, which must prematurely break up the Catholic party; far better continue the contest."‡ When the education bill became law, Falloux was no longer a minister, but after, as before, Veuillot protested against it.

In the columns of the *Univers*, priests began to assail their bishops. Ravnigan, a truly noble-minded and pious man, was denounced to the general of the Jesuits, and obliged to exculpate himself for having acknowledged the gratitude he owed to his friends, Montalembert and Dupanloup.* "Our own troops have mutinied," was the lament of the deeply wounded Montalembert. "Que voulez-vous?" replied Dupanloup; "vous avez formé un corps de lansquenets: à présent, que vous prononcez le mot de paix, ils se révoltent contre vous, eux qui ne vivent que de pillage!"

Two years later, in 1853, the emperor Napoleon thought proper to subject the education law to a revision, which diminished the influence of the Church. In those days Veuillot was his ally. The members of the commission of 1849 were either his adversaries or his victims, but the *Univers* showed itself more conciliatory towards him than towards those former friends, and on the 31st of December, 1855, wrote as follows: "Honneur à vous, homme que Dieu a choisi — marchez fièrement, Sire, au milieu de votre peuple, dont les acclamations vous saluent."

Falloux was able to look back with undisturbed satisfaction upon one episode of his ministry of ten months' duration. It was upon his proposal, that on the 6th of April, 1849, the government nominated Abbé Dupanloup for the bishopric of Orleans, and he was consecrated on the 9th of December of the same year. There followed now several years of comparative repose and of prosperous and successful work. Dupanloup left behind him in Paris many warm friends, among whom the principal were M. Thiers and Falloux, whereas his relations with Montalembert, no doubt on account of political differences, did not assume, until some years later, that intimate character which, once formed, remained uninterrupted to the end. He unwillingly exchanged from time to time the quiet residence at Orleans for the restless busy life of the metropolis, taking up his abode whenever he came back there with the priests of the *missions étrangères*, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from his friend Gratry. But he was really only at home when staying with some devoted friends in the mountains of Savoy, or in his own house, in the ancient city to which he loved to apply the line of Racine: —

Et de Jérusalem l'herbe couvre les murs.

* R. P. de Ponlevoy: "*Vie du R. P. de Ravnigan*," vol. ii., p. 186.

* Montalembert, "*Œuvres complètes*," vol. iii., p. 366.

† Veuillot, "*Le Parti Catholique, réponse à M. de Falloux*," p. 37.

‡ Ibid. pp. 46-61.

Even his enemies have done justice to the noble activity and dignity of his life as priest and bishop. He lived most simply, and strictly according to rule. He rose early, prayed for a considerable time, said mass at seven o'clock, and then worked uninterruptedly till noon, when he breakfasted with the priests of his household, and any guests who might be stopping with him. He then generally took a long walk or found relaxation in a drive to the College of Saint Mesmin. On his return he resumed work or received necessary visits. Dinner was served at seven o'clock, after which he remained with those who were present till nine, at which hour he regularly retired. It was during those evening hours that his friends, men and women, not only from Orleans, but from all parts of the world, used to gather round him in the only *salon* in the episcopal residence, decorated with the portraits of his predecessors, and where he, generally walking up and down, would, in his lively way, express his views on every possible subject. Those who preserve personal recollections of those hours, look back on them with gratitude. There it was still understood that social intercourse is recreation, not merely duty, and that conversation should be relaxation as well as incitement to the mind, neither a compensation for neglected study, nor a fatiguing loss of time. There the traditions were to be found still living, of that refined and cheerful social intercourse, the recollection of which once caused Talleyrand to exclaim, that he who had not known it "*n'a pas connu le plaisir de vivre*." Dupanloup's head was silver white, when one of Feuillet's novels chanced to fall into his hands. We shall not mention its name, but it was not "*Sibylle*." To witness the delight he took in the book, was an enjoyment to others as well, and he spoke much and long about it. All who knew him can bear witness that up to his death his heart remained warm and young, and the keen sympathy he preserved with all that is noble and good, and especially for his fellow-men, is the secret of that influence which he exercised upon high and low with almost unexampled power. People of all sorts and conditions, men of high position and renown, ladies of rank, souls in trouble and needing help, all were anxious for the favor of his hospitality, which was given generously and indefatigably, because he considered the house of a bishop as in part belonging to all who entered it. In those small and modest rooms, whose whitewashed walls gave

them the appearance of monastic cells, many an inward struggle has been fought out, many a vocation decided. We know of not a few who date from that spot a new epoch in life. To the poor, Dupanloup gave royally; when he had nothing left of his own, he would ask others, but he never failed to relieve real want. In his pastoral office he was indefatigable, and demanded from his clergy the greatest sacrifices. Not all, however, could keep pace with him, or accommodate themselves to his inflexible will, and in this respect he had to encounter many difficulties. "*Quel homme ! il mettrait le feu à la mer*," exclaimed one day a poor parish priest, upon whom he had come like a whirlwind; on his part, however, the bishop was quite ready to reply as Arnauld did, when rest was ordered him: "I rest? I have eternity for that." In 1854, the Academy elected him one of its members, not as author, or orator, but, faithful to its traditions, as a man of high and general distinction. This was the only honor he received under the empire. He never became reconciled to Bonapartism. The first pastoral he issued after the *coup d'état*, spoke with praiseworthy courage of the first empire as having wished to set up the Church without liberty and ending by persecuting her. His various official utterances are models of dignified reserve. The imperial officials, on their side, were directed to avoid him, and of Napoleon the Third he once remarked to a friend that he had "*un peu de superstition et beaucoup d'hypocrisie*."

It is not only as bishop that future generations will think of Dupanloup as connected with Orleans. He will be remembered as having with true patriotic enthusiasm constituted himself the guardian of the abiding memory of Joan of Arc. When he came to Orleans that memory had faded, and nothing was to be seen in places of public resort to recall it to mind, except a comical little statue, which still exists, in the hat and plume of the days of the Directory. The town is now a perfect museum in her honor, and in the Place du Martrois, where the Germans kindled their watch-fires, there stands an equestrian statue of the most poetical of all the heroic figures in Christian history. In its obituary article on Dupanloup, the best-written paper in France pointed to his panegyric on Joan of Arc, and to his discourse in memory of Lamoricière, as showing that he ranked among the greatest orators of his time: "*Il arrivait souvent à produire les effets de la grande éloquence*,"

said the *Journal des Débats*; "... il y a dans ses discours de magnifiques pages, qui seront rangées parmi les modèles."

When the future biographer of Dupanloup considers the history of this remarkable episcopate of thirty years' duration, he will not be able to shut his eyes to the fact, that it is part of the general history of our time. A short sketch like this must confine itself to indicating the very extraordinary activity displayed during it, by alluding to the twofold struggle against the extreme party in his own camp, as well as against the efforts made on the opposite side, which the bishop regarded as directed against Christianity; upon his defence of the papacy, and upon the part he took in the Council.

The beginning of the contest with Veillot must be dated back to the truly incredible campaign which a certain Abbé Gaume opened against the use of the classics in schools, and which was continued by the *Univers* in the most passionate manner. The abbé maintained that the study of the classics undermined Christianity, and perverted the religious sense.* The bishop was less shocked by this ridiculous proposition than by the attempt to abuse liberty of education. When his arguments remained ineffectual, and when a number of journals adopted the tone of the *Univers*, the bishop, who had been himself personally attacked, issued a prohibition to the clergy of his diocese to take in that paper. He did not yet stand alone. His views that the *Univers* was endangering religion were shared by the Paris provincial synod of 1850, by Archbishop Sibour, who declared "that bishops and priests were being insulted under the pretext of avenging the Holy See," and by a considerable number of the French bishops. The position of the extreme party was one of danger. Abbé Gerbet, one of its most determined champions and formerly joint-editor of the *Avenir*, pointed this out in February 1853, in a most remarkable document. This future Bishop of Perpignan and joint-author of the Syllabus added further:—

At Rome it must best of all be known, that just at this very moment the Holy See is all-powerful against Gallicanism; that no French bishop dare venture, without instantly being annihilated by the public opinion of the clergy, to defend himself; and that, from reasons easily understood, the government would not wish to run counter to the Holy See. The

Univers is the only religious paper of importance favorable to the new government. Rome can do anything now: later on things may change.*

On the 21st of March 1853, a fortnight only after the arrival of his letter at Rome, a Papal encyclical recommended the French bishops to take the Catholic press under their protection. Louis Veuillot had once more repeated his tactics of appealing direct to Rome over the heads of the bishops, and this time successfully. Sibour was obliged to retract his condemnation, and at the express wish of the Pope, the *Univers* continued its existence.† This moment was chosen by Montalembert for making a last attempt to obtain again the leadership of the Catholic party by publishing "*Les intérêts Catholiques au XIX^eme Siècle*."

In this work such extreme concessions were made to the absolutist party in Church and State that De Tocqueville, speaking of Veuillot and Montalembert remarked, "*Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs*."‡ This was nowhere so clear as in the attack on the Gallican Church.

Let any one go back to the views of the most pious of thirty years ago (a passage runs) when De Maistre's book on the pope appeared, and let him judge the distance travelled from that time till now, when his ideas are the common property of the young Catholic generation. Gallicanism was not destined to end in indifference and in silence; it had to be stifled by the contempt of the faithful, and, thanks to those who last defended it, to be numbered amongst the worst attempts made against the Church.

The *Univers*, however, felt strong enough to say similar things unaided, and the peace-offering of Montalembert was rejected. This was his last concession; the decided change in the latter part of his life dates from that time.

Meanwhile the net was drawn over the whole of France. The Roman ritual gradually took the place of the native, and often very ancient, liturgies. In all the seminaries the hitherto approved textbooks were replaced by such books as Gousset's "Moral Theology," Gaume's "Catechism," and the "History of the Church" by Rohrbacher! Dom Guérin-

* See "*Vie de Monseigneur Gerbet*," par l'Abbé de la Doue, a letter dated February 23, 1853, to Monseigneur de Salinis, his bishop, who was then at Rome.

† See L. Veuillot, "*Le parti Catholique*," pp. 140-

144.
‡ See Senior's "Journal and Conversations with De Tocqueville," vol. ii, p. 177.

* See Abbé Gaume, "*Du Paganisme dans l'Éducation*."

ger, the Benedictine abbot of Solesmes, revised the breviary, the devotional books of Nicolas or Ségur supplanted the writings of Bossuet and Fénelon. Dupanloup's ecclesiastical home, St. Sulpice, underwent, under Archbishop Morlot, in spite of his protest, a complete transformation in accordance with express orders from Rome.* Archbishop Darboy, soon after his nomination, was taken severely to task by Rome for not conducting the simplest of his official duties in a manner corresponding to the predominant tendency. Religious liberty and toleration were daily declared to be the worst of evils, and the most exorbitant pretensions were revived. As early as 1856, Montalembert, Cochin, Falloux, the Prince de Broglie, and Dupanloup felt it their duty to erect a bulwark against this growing deluge of frantic fanaticism. With this view they undertook the direction of the *Correspondant*, which up to 1870 represented in politics the ideas of the so-called Liberal Catholics. Although their position was extremely difficult from the very outset, the danger of failure arose far less from opposition to the Ultramontane school than from those questions upon which they stood on more or less common ground with it. Of these the most important were the controversies regarding the temporal power. Dupanloup alone published during their course, beginning from the Roman expedition in 1849 down to the taking of Rome by the Italians, more than twenty-four different publications, pamphlets, and speeches. Montalembert and all his friends cast the weight of their influence into the scale, and yet they did not succeed in hiding the fact, that all this time they were faithless to their own principles.

Catholic Italy, which crowded round the liberal pope of 1847-48, and fully shared with Gioberti, Balbo, Rosmini, Rossi, Azeglio, and even Manzoni, in the enthusiasm for reform and confederation; politicians, who, agreeing with Thiers and De Tocqueville, saw in the maintenance of the papal rule a guarantee for European law and the balance of power; Napoleon the Third himself, who wished to give a pledge to the Conservatives by the Roman expedition; the Catholics who accepted that pledge, — all and every one of these held firm to the view, that the government of the States of the Church needed reform, and that no crime on the part of the mob, no excesses of the Revolution, could re-

lease the pope from his obligation to carry out this reform.

In the same degree, however, that the mere maintenance of the temporal power became the chief object of papal policy, the point of view from which they started faded from the sight of the Liberal Catholics, and they sacrificed to this darling idea of Pius the Ninth one position after another. They approved, or at least passed over in silence at Rome, what they condemned at Naples, and refused to the Romans what they demanded for the Poles. With the exception of a single man, Lacordaire, who remained true to himself to the end, they forgot that, in 1849 and in 1850, it was only under certain conditions, that they desired the restoration of the temporal power. They forgot that, by the mouth of Cochin and others, they declared an appeal of the pope to arms to be totally beyond the range of possibility, and they instituted collections for the purchase of fire-arms for him, and thereby strengthened his delusion that soldiers could help him. It was the faithlessness of the French government, and the Italian Revolution, which provided occasions for noble and indignant protests against the gross violation of international law and the perfidy of the emperor Napoleon. A still stronger incentive to these protests, however, was internal discord.

The Liberal Catholics were quite as anxious as their Ultramontane adversaries to preserve the approbation of the pope, who had ceased to be accustomed to the language of independence. As their feelings for Pius the Ninth animated them with the desire to be surpassed by no one in their devotion to his cause, so they were forced to sacrifice their better convictions on the Roman question, in order to save the last remnant of their independence as Catholics. But the weakness of such compromises, injuring truth in the interest of utility, gives strength to the adversary. In a very different way, self-conscious and consistent, did the Ultramontane party, with the *Civiltà Cattolica* at its head, move on to the goal for which it was striving, and showed to the world, in 1864, how nearly it had reached it. The Encyclical appeared. Montalembert wrote to one of his oldest friends: —

I was at Paris when the Encyclical appeared, and I can only compare the general consternation of honest men to that which reigned among them on the morrow of the catastrophe of February. . . . C — was my consolation during the first days which followed the Encyclical, but I was less in want of it then than

* See Rouland's speech in the Senate, *Moniteur* of March 11, 1865.

now, for reflection and solitude have only served to aggravate my sorrows.*

A Curtius was ready to sacrifice himself for the ill-advised pope, and this Curtius was Dupanloup. Down to the very last the Nessus shirt of temporal power was to remain inseparable from all the great and vital questions of this pontificate, and Dupanloup, in his new work, masked his interpretation of the Encyclical by an attack upon the convention of the 15th of September.† "L'évêque a fait un tour de force," Montalembert again wrote, "mais ce n'est que cela; c'est le chef d'œuvre du subterfuge éloquent. Il a voulu nous sauver, et il a fait pour cela un effort surhumain, sans compter qu'il y a dans son écrit des pages vraiment pathétiques et généreuses."‡

In England, Germany, and even America, the sincerely liberal-minded part of the Catholic writers and journalists did not fail to see the uselessness of making any further efforts under these circumstances. In France alone they shut their eyes to a fact evident to every one, and the *Correspondant* continued to appear, just as if no change had taken place in the mental atmosphere of the Catholic world.

The struggles, fears, and dangers endured in common by Montalembert and Dupanloup tended to knit them together in the most intimate friendship. In the years 1863 and 1865 they succeeded by their united strength, at the Catholic Congress at Malines, in winning their last battle, and once more shed the lustre of their brilliant talents on the union of liberty and the Church. Soon afterwards, Montalembert was struck down by mortal illness, but his friend continued the combat against the excesses of fanatics, the reform of education of the imperial government, the Christology of his former pupil Renan, the positivism of Littré, the result of the policy of Cavour, and not less eagerly against the want of all policy on the part of the emperor.

As soon as one organ in the press was used up for his object, for instance the *Ami de la Religion*, which he had taken up in 1848, he seized upon another; when the empire was trying the effect of liberal reforms in 1860, he started the *Francs*, and subsequently, after the catastrophes of 1870-71, made for himself a more pliable instrument in the *Défense Sociale et Religieuse*.

* Letter dated La Roche-en-Breny, January 30, 1865.
† Dupanloup, "La Convention du 15 septembre et l'Encyclique du 8 décembre, 1864."

‡ Montalembert, letter of January 30, 1865.

In the wear and tear of so active a life, which was sacrificed daily and hourly to the pressing wants of the moment, there was no time for serious study or continuous scientific work. The bishop was always hastening from one threatened point to another, and was constantly in the breach, and in this way powers however great could not but finally be dissipated. Thus he had grown sixty-seven years old, when the greatest and most difficult task of his life came upon him. The council was summoned. Undoubtedly Dupanloup wished and recommended the meeting of a general council. His frequent private journeys to Rome, where he had a number of friends, as well as the solemn occasions on which Pius the Ninth assembled the episcopate, led him into intimate intercourse with the pope. The pontiff always received the most brilliant of his defenders in the most affectionate manner. But whether he ever took him into his confidence may well be doubted from the fact, that Dupanloup looked above all to the council, to reconcile those differences which he still designated as "misunderstandings" on the eve of its assembling. Notwithstanding this, however, since 1867 he could scarcely have remained in doubt as to the object of this council. The personal infallibility of the pope, claimed in the first encyclical of Pius the Ninth,* practically tested by the dogmatic definition of 1854, and taught in the new catechisms, was already in 1867 on the very point of obtaining its recognition from the bishops then present in Rome. The Archbishop of Kalocza and the Bishop of Orleans were amongst those who frustrated this attempt, by inserting the definition of the Council of Florence into the address to Pius the Ninth.† On the 6th of February, 1869, the *Civiltà Cattolica* published a correspondence from France, in which it was pointed out that the task of the council would be, to raise into dogmas the doctrines of papal infallibility and of the Syllabus. The *Univers*, which had been suppressed by the emperor in 1861, but had revived in 1867, was daily agitating in the same sense. No time, therefore, was to be lost in giving expression to a contrary opinion. Maret, Bishop in partibus of Sura, the ablest theologian of the Sorbonne, published the book, "*Du Concile général et de la paix religieuse*, after "Janus" had appeared in Germany, and "The Reform of the Church in its

* Of November 9, 1866.

† Friedberg: "*Aktenstücke zum Concil*," pp. 64, 217.

Head and its Members" in Austria. While Maret's book was still occupying theologians, Montalembert, from his sick-bed, sent to the editors of the *Correspondant* an article "*L'Espagne et la liberté*." Quite terrified, they refused its insertion. "On the very eve of the council," Montalembert himself remarks: "I have been found too liberal and compromising. Perhaps in consequence of my illness and loneliness, I stand no longer at that political height which inspires a silence so heroic." * And again: "Nous sommes au bord de l'abîme, plus béant que jamais, mais défense expresse de dire un mot *vrai* sur le moyen de n'y pas tomber ou d'en sortir après la chute." † Deeply hurt and bitterly disappointed, he found consolation and encouragement once more in the conduct of the German Catholics, as he gratefully acknowledges in a letter to the authors of the "Coblentz Lay Address." Henceforth the thought was always present to him, that his friend Dupanloup might be steeled for resistance by contact with Germany. This wish was so far realized that Dupanloup made a short visit to that country in the autumn of 1869, and then passed from the Rhine into Burgundy, to see Montalembert. After this last touching meeting, he went back to Orleans, where he published in quick succession three pamphlets, ‡ of which the first is the most important. He declares his determination not to discuss the dogma of infallibility, but admits the value of the objections raised against its definition, objections which in their bearings tell, at least in part, against the dogma itself. However, his last words were those of hopeful trust.

Vous admirez l'Evêque d'Orléans [Montalembert wrote to a friend, on the 7th of November, 1869], vous l'admireriez bien plus encore, si vous pouviez vous figurer l'abîme d'idolâtrie où est tombé le clergé français. Cela dépasse tout ce qu'on aurait jamais pu s'imaginer aux jours de ma jeunesse, aux temps de Frayssinous et de Lamennais. Le pauvre Mgr. Maret, pour avoir exposé des idées très-modérées dans un langage plein d'urbanité et de charité, est traité publiquement dans les journaux soi-disant religieux d'hérésiarque et d'apostat par les derniers de nos curés! De tous les mystères que présente en si grand

nombre l'histoire de l'Eglise, je n'en connais pas un qui dépasse ou qui égale cette transformation si complète et si prompte de la France Catholique dans une basse-cour de l'anti-camera du Vatican.*

His urgent desire that Döllinger should go to Rome, and Newman resolve to accompany thither the Bishop of Orleans, was not fulfilled. Dupanloup crossed the Alps alone, to fight a battle that was lost before it began. Those only, who passed through that time with the bishop, are aware how late this conviction dawned upon him, and could perceive how daily, nay, hourly, his eyes were being opened to the true state of affairs. Nothing speaks louder for his devotion to, and his trust and confidence in, the holy see, than that it was only after his arrival in Rome, that he acquired the clear conviction that he had been summoned thither, not to examine a dogma, but to sanction it, and to add the weight of his name to a ready-made system. Expressions which those who heard them will never forget, showed the bitterness of his disappointment, although it was not in his gallant nature to give up resistance to the very last. The great arsenal of German theology and learning furnished him with weapons, his friend Gratry supported him from Paris. By his pamphlets against Archbishop De-champs of Malines, through the newspapers, by means of his friends, he strove to rouse public opinion from its lethargic state. When he was refused the *imprimatur* at Rome, he had his writings printed at Naples. When the opposition saw itself hampered on all sides by the rules for the conduct of business, he appealed to his friend Count Daru, then minister for foreign affairs in the cabinet of Ollivier, to take up again the old tradition and send an ambassador to represent the first Catholic power at the council. He recommended M. Thiers with the characteristic addition: "*Il les charmerait tous!*" and when this proved impossible, he suggested the Duc de Broglie. But all was in vain. His finest-tempered blades were shivered to pieces against the firm rampart his adversaries had erected against every possible attack, with persistent tenacity and most admirable skill. Already, in February, the *Français* began to rebel. "Cette diplomatie de trembleurs et de muets," as Montalembert called them, no longer ventured to convey the bishop's words to the French Catholics.

Le voilà maintenant sans défense devant le

* "*Hommage à la mémoire de Montalembert*," par R. Oheix, Nantes, 1870, p. 34.

† Montalembert, letter written January 28, 1869.

‡ These are: "*Lettre au Clergé de son diocèse, relativement à la définition de l'Infaillibilité*;" (2) "*Lettre au Clergé et aux fidèles de son diocèse avant son départ pour Rome*;" (3) "*Lettre aux prêtres de son diocèse pour leur donner communication de son avertissement à M. Louis Veuillot*."

* Montalembert, letter dated November 7, 1869.

public français et au milieu de ses ennemis à Rome [Montalembert wrote.] Les prédictions de Mgr. de Nevers * ne se sont que trop vérifiées. Quelque sinistres qu'aient été mes prévisions sur le Concile, je n'aurais jamais cru que l'Episcopat réuni eût osé exclure de la commission décisive du Concile l'Evêque le plus illustre de la Chrétienté. . . . Cet affront inouï ne doit que nous le rendre plus cher : pour moi, je sens que je l'aime et que je l'admire cent fois plus qu'auparavant. Le voilà qui couronne sa glorieuse vieillesse, non plus par une victoire de plus ajoutée à tant d'autres, mais par ce *je ne sais quoi d'achevé* que la disgrâce et l'impopularité ajoutent à la gloire, surtout quand elles sont encourues par le plus noble dévouement à la justice et à la vérité.†

On the 13th of March, 1870, the bishop lost this friend, who welcomed death as a deliverer. From the funeral oration, which Pius the Ninth made upon this loyal champion, Dupanloup could see what he had to expect. "A Catholic is dead," said the pope, "who has done service to the Church. He was a Liberal Catholic, that means half a Catholic. Verily, the Liberal Catholics are only half Catholics."‡

It was about this time that Louis Veuillot, now master of the situation, in a new attack in the *Univers* taunted the bishop with the doubtful circumstances of his birth, which alone could have been used as a sufficient reason for excluding him from the cardinalate. He had not read De Maistre in vain, and had noted this passage, "On n'a rien fait contre les opinions, tant qu'on n'a pas attaqué les personnes." In this art the Bishop of Orleans had no doubt much to learn, he who at the beginning of the council, when a question arose as to the publication of a controversial treatise, hesitatingly observed, "Cela déshonorerait les Jésuites . . . mais on ne peut plus l'éviter!"§ After those days of March the history of the opposition is the record of one defeat after another. When several of its most prominent men, such as Haynald and Darboy, proposed to leave Rome, Dupanloup was one of those who rejected this proposal. It was on this occasion that Darboy exclaimed, "Nous partirons, et nous emporterons le concile dans la semelle de nos souliers." Of the many reasons which caused the

defeat of the opposition, their blunders in tactics, however, played only a subordinate part.

After his return from Rome, Dupanloup made his submission like nearly all the bishops of the opposition. At a later period, he saw Pius the Ninth again, but the undercurrent of antipathy that had always existed in Roman circles towards him, held now the upper hand. Montalembert remarked it as early as 1865: "Grâce à l'Evêque d'Orléans, nous sommes restés maître du terrain à Malines. On en sera fort mécontent à Rome, où ce prélat est odieux, comme ils disent."* Dupanloup was well aware of this, and when, after the murder of Darboy, the French government intended to appoint him his successor in the archiepiscopal chair of Paris, he decidedly refused, giving as his reason the feelings of personal animosity, which Pius the Ninth entertained against him. The painful events that awaited him in France in 1870, are still fresh in the memory of all. No one shared more deeply the patriotic sorrows of those days, or suffered more deeply than Dupanloup, who was a genuine French character in his virtues as in his faults. When Orleans fell the first time into the enemy's hands he was indefatigable, nursed the sick and wounded, Germans and French alike, like a true Christian priest, and was able to obtain milder conditions for the town, from the Bavarian general. At the second occupation of Orleans, things fell out less favorably for the city. The bishop was guarded in his house and accused by General von der Tann of having contributed to the defeat of the Bavarians at Coulmiers by the information he had given to the French general, D'Aurelles de Paladine. For such things, men are shot in times of war, in times of peace they are judged differently.

It would be premature now, even if space permitted it, to give an account of the part the bishop played in the *Assemblée*, as the zealous champion of the efforts made to restore the monarchy. These events are too recent to be judged from an objective point of view. This much, however, can be clearly seen, that he allowed himself to be deceived by partial successes; too great attention to party calculations and questions of detail caused him to lose sight of the large lines of politics. Dupanloup lost the game twice, the first time when he appealed to the Comte de Chambord to accept the tricolor with the

* Abbé de la Doue, author of the "Life of Monseigneur Gerbet."

† Letter of Montalembert, dated December 31, 1869.

‡ Spoken at an audience in the Vatican in March 1870.

§ While this article has been going through the press, M. de Falloux has described the character of the bishop in these true and happy words: "Il avait, au même degré, toutes les véhémences de la conviction, et toutes les délicatesses de la charité."

* Montalembert, letter dated November 17, 1865.

crown, and then again as one of those who formed the state of mind which led to the 16th of May. The king rejected all conditions, and the marshal renounced every attempt at resistance. It remains to be seen whether in France it will be the republic to which the future belongs, according to the aphorism of M. Thiers: "L'avenir appartiendra au parti le plus sage." It is only necessary to allude to Renan's "Caliban," to remind our readers how very little of a reactionary a man may be to doubt it. The *Débats* was right when it said: "Dans la patrie comme dans l'Eglise Dupanloup n'a jamais été de la majorité." On his way to Rome, to his old friend, J. Pecci, who had become Pope Leo the Thirteenth, having been for some time indisposed, he was overtaken by death at Laincey in Loiret. There, on the 11th of October, 1878, fully resigned and in the act of prayer, after a short agony, he breathed his last in the arms of a friend.

Throughout Christendom his death was felt to be a heavy loss. Leo the Thirteenth, with tears in his eyes, extolled the greatness and nobility of his heart. His enemies bowed before the purity of his priestly career. One voice alone was heard to utter, "Il fut un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas." In his last will the bishop had expressed a wish that no funeral oration should be pronounced upon his memory, but he was buried with regal pomp. No place on earth could be more suitable for him than the Cathedral of Sainte Croix, where the banner of the Maid of Orleans guards his rest.

With Dupanloup has passed away not only the greatest and most sympathetic member of the present French episcopate, but a whole school of thought. Count Falloux could recently convince himself of this, when his earnest and eloquent call of warning met no longer with any response.* Disowned by Pius the Ninth, abandoned by its own followers, overtaken by the events of the time, that whole school has ceased to exist; and if the present generation are reminded of it, it is only by the insolence of its enemies. But that which once had life can never be utterly destroyed, and truth remains forever. The Liberal Catholics perished, not because they had chosen a lofty ideal, but because, under the pressure of circumstances, they also lowered their standard. It is as impossible for the Liberal Catholic

party as it hitherto existed to come to life again, as it is for the present Ultramontane party to endure forever; and the noble and amiable A. Cochin, who was one in mind with Dupanloup, was right in saying, "Parti Catholique, déplorable mot: Catholiques de tous les partis." And yet the future belongs to the main doctrines of the Liberal Catholics; to their guiding principle of equal rights for all, and to their faith in the union of the Church with liberty. They themselves will not be forgotten, when the children shall have accomplished that which the fathers strove for. They can claim the humble merit that even through their errors they have been of use; and looking back on them, future generations may remember the words of Joan of Arc: "They had their share in the struggle, they shall also have their share in the triumph."

C. DE WARMONT.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HIDING PLACE FROM THE WIND.

GIBBIE found everything at the Auld Hoose in complete order for his reception: Mistress Croale had been very diligent, and promised well for a housekeeper—looked well too in her black satin and lace, with her complexion, she justly flattered herself, not a little improved. She had a good meal ready for him, with every adjunct in proper style, during the preparation of which she had revelled in the thought that some day, when she had quite established her fitness for her new position, Sir Gibbie would certainly invite the minister and his lady to dine with him, when she, whom they were too proud to ask to partake of their cockyleekie, would show them she knew both what a dinner ought to be, and how to preside at it; and the soup it should be cockyleekie.

Everything went comfortably. Gibbie was so well up in mathematics, thanks to Mr. Sclater, that, doing all requisite for honorable studentship, but having no desire to distinguish himself, he had plenty of time for more important duty. Now that he was by himself, as if old habit had returned in the shape of new passion, he roamed the streets every night. His cus-

* See *Journal des Débats*, October 23 and 30, 1878.

tom was this: after dinner, which he had when he came from college, about half past four, he lay down, fell asleep in a moment, as he always did, and slept till half past six; then he had tea, and after that, studied—not dawdled over his books, till ten o'clock, when he took his Greek Testament. At eleven he went out, seldom finally returning before half past one, sometimes not for an hour longer—during which time Mistress Croale was in readiness to receive any guest he might bring home.

The history of the special endeavor he had now commenced does not belong to my narrative. Some nights, many nights together, he would not meet a single wanderer; occasionally he would meet two or three in the same night. When he found one, he would stand regarding him until he spoke. If the man was drunk he would leave him: such were not those for whom he could now do most. If he was sober, he made him signs of invitation. If he would not go with him, he left him, but kept him in view, and tried him again. If still he would not, he gave him a piece of bread, and left him. If he called, he stopped, and by circuitous ways brought him to the little house at the back. It was purposely quite dark. If the man was too apprehensive to enter, he left him; if he followed, he led him to Mistress Croale. If anything suggested the possibility of helping farther, a possibility turning entirely on the person's self, the attempt was set on foot; but in general, after a good breakfast, Gibbie led him through a dark passage into the darkened house, and dismissed him from the door by which he had entered. He never gave money, and never sought such guests except in the winter. Indeed, he was never in the city in the summer. Before the session was over, they had one woman and one girl in a fair way of honest livelihood, and one small child, whose mother had an infant besides and was evidently dying, he had sent "in a present" to Janet, by the hand of Mistress Murkison. Altogether it was a tolerable beginning, and during the time not a word reached him indicating knowledge of his proceedings, although within a week or two a rumor was rife in the lower parts of the city, of a mysterious being who went about doing this and that for poor folk, but, notwithstanding his gifts, was far from canny.

Mr. and Mrs. Sclater could not fail to be much annoyed when they found he was no longer lodging with Mistress Murkison, but occupying the Auld Hoose, with "that

horrible woman" for a housekeeper; they knew, however, that expostulation with one possessed by such a headstrong sense of duty was utterly useless, and contented themselves with predicting to each other some terrible check, the result of his ridiculous theory concerning what was required of a Christian—namely, that the disciple should be as his Master. At the same time Mrs. Sclater had a sacred suspicion that no real ill would ever befall God's innocent, Gilbert Galbraith.

Fergus had now with his father's help established himself in the manse of the North church, and thither he invited Mr. and Miss Galbraith, to dine with him on a certain evening. Her father's absolute desire compelled Ginevra's assent; she could not, while with him, rebel absolutely. Fergus did his best to make the evening a pleasant one, and had special satisfaction in showing the laird that he could provide both a good dinner and a good bottle of port. Two of his congregation, a young lawyer and his wife, were the only other guests. The laird found the lawyer an agreeable companion, chiefly from his readiness to listen to his old law stories, and Fergus laid himself out to please the two ladies: secure of the admiration of one, he hoped it might help to draw the favor of the other. He had conceived the notion that Ginevra probably disliked his profession, and took pains therefore to show how much he was a man of the world—talked about Shakspeare, and flaunted rags of quotation in elocutionary style; got books from his study, and read passages from Byron, Shelley, and Moore—chiefly from "The Loves of the Angels" of the last, ecstasizing the lawyer's lady, and interesting Ginevra, though all he read taken together seemed to her unworthy of comparison with one of poor Donal's songs.

It grew late. The dinner had been at a fashionable hour; they had stayed an unfashionable time: it was nearly twelve o'clock when guests and host left the house in company. The lawyer and his wife went one way, and Fergus went the other with the laird and Ginevra.

Hearing the pitiful wailing of a child and the cough of a woman, as they went along a street bridge, they peeped over the parapet, and saw, upon the stair leading to the lower street, a woman, with a child asleep in her lap, trying to eat a piece of bread, and coughing as if in the last stage of consumption. On the next step below sat a man hushing in his bosom the baby whose cry they had heard. They stood

for a moment, the minister pondering whether his profession required of him action, and Ginevra's gaze fixed on the head and shoulders of the foreshortened figure of the man, who vainly as patiently sought to soothe the child by gently rocking it to and fro. But when he began a strange humming song to it, which brought all Glashgar before her eyes, Ginevra knew beyond a doubt that it was Gibbie. At the sound the child ceased to wail, and presently the woman with difficulty rose, laying a hand for help on Gibbie's shoulder. Then Gibbie rose also, cradling the infant on his left arm, and making signs to the mother to place the child on his right. She did so, and turning, went feebly up the stair. Gibbie followed with the two children, one lying on his arm, the other with his head on his shoulder, both wretched and pining, with gray cheeks, and dark hollows under their eyes. From the top of the stair they went slowly up the street, the poor woman coughing, and Gibbie crooning to the baby, who cried no more, but now and then moaned. Then Fergus said to the laird:

"Did you see that young man, sir? That is the so-called Sir Gilbert Galbraith we were talking of the other night. They say he has come in to a good property, but you may judge for yourself whether he seems fit to manage it!"

Ginevra withdrew her hand from his arm.

"Good God, Jenny!" exclaimed the laird, "you do not mean to tell me you have ever spoken to a young man like that?"

"I know him very well, papa," replied Ginevra collectedly.

"You are incomprehensible, Jenny! If you know him, why do I not know him? If you had not known good reason to be ashamed of him, you would, one time or other, have mentioned his name in my hearing.—I ask you, and I demand an answer,"—here he stopped, and fronted her—"why have you concealed from me your acquaintance with this—this—person?"

"Because I thought it might be painful to you, papa," she answered, looking in his face.

"Painful to me! Why should it be painful to me—except indeed that it breaks my heart as often as I see you betray your invincible fondness for low company?"

"Do you desire me to tell you, papa, why I thought it might be painful to you to make that young man's acquaintance?"

"I do distinctly. I command you."

"Then I will: that young man, Sir Gilbert Galbraith,—"

"Nonsense, girl! there is no such Galbraith. It is the merest of scoffs."

Ginevra did not care to argue with him this point. In truth she knew little more about it than he.

"Many years ago," she recommenced, "when I was a child,—Excuse me, Mr. Duff, but it is quite time I told my father what has been weighing upon my mind for so many years."

"Sir Gilbert!" muttered her father contemptuously.

"One day," again she began, "Mr. Fergus Duff brought a ragged little boy to Glashruach—the most innocent and loving of creatures, who had committed no crime but that of doing good in secret. I saw Mr. Duff box his ears on the bridge; and you, papa, gave him over to that wretch, Angus MacPholp, to whip him—so at least Angus told me, after he had whipped him till he dropped senseless. I can hardly keep from screaming now when I think of it."

"All this, Jenny, is nothing less than cursed folly. Do you mean to tell me you have all these years been cherishing resentment against your own father, for the sake of a little thieving rascal, whom it was a good deed to fright from the error of his ways? I have no doubt Angus gave him merely what he deserved."

"You must remember, Miss Galbraith, we did not know he was dumb," said Fergus humbly.

"If you had had any heart," said Ginevra, "you would have seen in his face that he was a perfectly angelic child. He ran to the mountain, without a rag to cover his bleeding body, and would have died of cold and hunger, had not the Grants, the parents of your father's herdboy, Mr. Duff, taken him to their hearts, and been father and mother to him."—"Ginevra's mouth was opened at last.—"After that," she went on, "Angus, that bad man, shot him like a wild beast, when he was quietly herding Robert Grant's sheep. In return Sir Gilbert saved his life in the flood. And just before the house of Glashruach fell—the part in which my room was, he caught me up, because he could not speak, and carried me out of it; and when I told you that he had saved my life, you ordered him out of the house, and when he was afraid to leave me alone with you, dashed him against the wall, and sent for Angus to whip him again. But I should have liked to see Angus try it then!"

"I do remember an insolent fellow tak-

ing advantage of the ruinous state the house was in, to make his way into my study," said the laird.

"And now," Ginevra continued, "Mr. Duff makes question of his wits because he finds him carrying a poor woman's children, going to get them a bed somewhere! If Mr. Duff had run about the streets when he was a child, like Sir Gilbert, he might not, perhaps, think it so strange he should care about a houseless woman and her brats!"

Therewith Ginevra burst into tears.

"Abominably disagreeable!" muttered the laird. "I always thought she was an idiot!—Hold your tongue, Jenny; you will wake the street. All you say may or may not be quite true; I do not say you are telling lies, or even exaggerating; but I see nothing in it to prove the lad a fit companion for a young lady. Very much to the contrary. I suppose he told you he was your injured, neglected, ill-used cousin? He may be your cousin; you may have any number of such cousins, if half the low tales concerning your mother's family be true."

Ginevra did not answer him—did not speak another word. When Fergus left them at their own door, she neither shook hands with him nor bade him good night.

"Jenny," said her father, the moment he was gone, "if I hear of your once speaking again to that low vagabond,—and now I think of it," he cried, interrupting himself with a sudden recollection, "there was a cobbler-fellow in the town here they used to call Sir Somebody Galbraith!—that must be his father! Whether the *Sir* was title or nickname, I neither know nor care. A title without money is as bad as a saintship without grace. But this I tell you, that if I hear of your speaking one word, good or bad, to the fellow again, I will, I swear to Almighty God, I will turn you out of the house."

To Ginevra's accumulated misery, she carried with her to her room a feeling of contempt for her father, with which she lay struggling in vain half the night.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONFESSION.

ALTHOUGH Gibbie had taken no notice of the laird's party, he had recognized each of the three as he came up the stair, and in Ginevra's face read an appeal for deliverance. It seemed to say, "You help everybody but me! Why do you not come and help me too? Am I to have no pity

because I am neither hungry nor cold?" He did not however lie awake the most of the night, or indeed a single hour of it, thinking what he should do; long before the poor woman and her children were in bed, he had made up his mind.

As soon as he came home from college the next day and had hastily eaten his dinner, going upon his vague knowledge of law business lately acquired, he bought a stamped paper, wrote upon it, and put it in his pocket; then he took a card and wrote on it: *Sir Gilbert Galbraith, Baronet, of Glashruach*, and put that in his pocket also. Thus provided, and having said to Mistress Croale that he should not be home that night—for he expected to set off almost immediately in search of Donal, and had bespoken horses, he walked deliberately along Pearl Street out into the suburb, and turning to the right, rang the bell at the garden gate of the laird's cottage. When the girl came, he gave her his card, and followed her into the house. She carried it into the room where, dinner over, the laird and the preacher were sitting, with a bottle of the same port which had pleased the laird at the manse between them. Giving time, as he judged, and no more, to read the card, Gibbie entered the room: he would not risk a refusal to see him.

It was a small room with a round table. The laird sat sideways to the door; the preacher sat between the table and the fire.

"What the devil does this mean? A vengeance take him!" cried the laird.

His big tumbling eyes had required more time than Gibbie had allowed, so that, when with this exclamation he lifted them from the card, they fell upon the object of his imprecation standing in the middle of the room between him and the open door. The preacher, sung behind the table, scarcely endeavored to conceal the smile with which he took no notice of Sir Gilbert. The laird rose in the perturbation of mingled anger and unpreparedness.

"Ah!" he said, but it was only a sound, not a word, "to what—may I ask—have I—I have not the honor of your acquaintance, Mr.—Mr.—" Here he looked again at the card he held, fumbled for and opened a double eyeglass, then with deliberation examined the name upon it, thus gaining time by rudeness, and gathering his force for more, while Gibbie remained as unembarrassed as if he had been standing to his tailor for his measure. "Mr.—ah, I see!—Galbraith, you say.—To what, Mr., Mr."—another look at the

card — "Galbraith, do I owe the honor of this unexpected — and — I must say — un — looked for visit — and at such an unusual hour for making a business call — for business, I presume, it must be that brings you, seeing I have not the honor of the slightest acquaintance with you?"

He dropped his eyeglass with a clatter against his waistcoat, threw the card into his finger-glass, raised his pale eyes and stared at Sir Gilbert with all the fixedness they were capable of. He had already drunk a good deal of wine, and it was plain he had, although he was far from being overcome by it. Gibbie answered by drawing from the breast-pocket of his coat the paper he had written, and presenting it like a petition. Mr. Galbraith sneered, and would not have touched it had not his eye caught the stamp, which from old habit at once drew his hand. From similar habit, or perhaps to get it nearer the light, he sat down. Gibbie stood and Fergus stared at him with insolent composure. The laird read, but not aloud; I, Gilbert Galbraith, baronet, hereby promise and undertake to transfer to Miss Galbraith, only daughter of Thomas Galbraith, Esq., on the day when she shall be married to Donal Grant, Master of Arts, the whole of the title deeds of the house and lands of Glashruach, to have and to hold as hers, with absolute power to dispose of the same as she may see fit. Gilbert Galbraith. Old House of Galbraith, Widdiehill, March, etc., etc.

The laird stretched his neck like a turkey-cock, and gobbled inarticulately, threw the paper to Fergus, and turning on his chair, glowered at Gibbie. Then suddenly starting to his feet, he cried,

"What do you mean, you rascal, by daring to insult me in my own house? Damn your insolent foolery!"

"A trick! a most palpable trick! and an exceedingly silly one!" pronounced Fergus, who had now read the paper; "quite as foolish as unjustifiable! Everybody knows Glashruach is the property of Colonel Culsalmon!" — Here the laird sought the relief of another oath or two. — "I entreat you to moderate your anger, my dear sir," Fergus resumed. "The thing is hardly worth so much indignation. Some animal has been playing the poor fellow an ill-natured trick — putting him up to it for the sake of a vile practical joke. It is exceedingly provoking, but you must forgive him. He is hardly to blame, scarcely accountable under the natural circumstances. — Get away with you,"

he added, addressing Gibbie across the table. "Make haste before worse comes of it. You have been made a fool of."

When Fergus began to speak, the laird turned, and while he spoke stared at him with lack-lustre yet gleaming eyes, until he addressed Gibbie, when he turned on him again as fiercely as before. Poor Gibbie stood shaking his head, smiling, and making eager signs with hands and arms; but in the laird's condition of both heart and brain he might well forget and fail to be reminded that Gibbie was dumb.

"Why don't you speak, you fool?" he cried. "Get out and don't stand making faces there. Be off with you, or I will knock you down with a decanter."

Gibbie pointed to the paper, which lay before Fergus, and placed a hand first on his lips, then on his heart.

"Damn your mummery!" said the laird, choking with rage. "Go away, or, by God! I will break your head."

Fergus at this rose and came round the table to get between them. But the laird caught up a pair of nutcrackers, and threw it at Gibbie. It struck him on the forehead, and the blood spirted from the wound. He staggered backwards. Fergus seized the laird's arm, and sought to pacify him.

Her father's loud tones had reached Ginevra in her room; she ran down, and that instant entered: Gibbie all but fell into her arms. The moment's support she gave him, and the look of loving terror she cast in his face, restored him; and he was again firm on his feet, pressing her handkerchief to his forehead, when Fergus, leaving the laird, advanced with the pacific intention of getting him safe from the house. Ginevra stepped between them. Her father's rage thereupon broke loose quite, and was madness. He seized hold of her with violence, and dragged her from the room. Fergus laid hands upon Gibbie more gently, and half would have forced, half persuaded him to go. A cry came from Ginevra: refusing to be sent to her room before Gibbie was in safety, her father struck her. Gibbie would have darted to her help. Fergus held him fast, but knew nothing of Gibbie's strength, and the next moment found himself on his back upon the table, amidst the crash of wineglasses and china. Having locked the door, Gibbie sprang to the laird, who was trying to drag his daughter, now hardly resisting, up the first steps of the stair, took him round the waist from behind, swept him to the other room, and there locked him up also. He then re-

turned to where she lay motionless on the stair, lifted her in his arms, and carried her out of the house, nor stopped until, having reached the farther end of the street, he turned the corner of it into another equally quiet.

The laird and Fergus, when they were released by the girl from their respective prisons and found that the enemy was gone, imagined that Ginevra had retired again to her room; and what they did after is not interesting.

Under a dull smoky oil lamp, Gibbie stopped. He knew by the tightening of her arms that Ginevra was coming to herself.

"Let me down," she said feebly.

He did so, but kept his arm round her. She gave a deep sigh, and gazed bewildered. When she saw him, she smiled.

"With *you*, Gibbie!" she murmured.

"— But they will be after us!"

"They shall not touch you," signified Gibbie.

"What was it all about?" she asked.

Gibbie spelled on his fingers,

"Because I offered to give you Glashruach, if your father would let you marry Donal."

"Gibbie! how could you?" she cried almost in a scream, and pushing away his arm, turned from him and tried to run, but after two steps, tottered to the lamp-post, and leaned against it — with such a scared look!

"Then come with me and be my sister, Ginevra, and I will take care of you," spelled Gibbie. "I can do nothing to take care of you while I can't get near you."

"Oh, Gibbie! nobody does like that," returned Ginevra — "else I should be so glad!"

"There is no other way then that I know. You won't marry anybody, you see."

"Won't I, Gibbie? What makes you think that?"

"Because of course you would never refuse Donal and marry anybody else; that is not possible."

"Oh! don't tease me, Gibbie."

"Ginevra, you don't mean you would?"

In the dull light, and with the imperfect means of Gibbie for the embodiment of his thoughts, Ginevra misunderstood him.

"Yes, Gibbie," she said, "I would. I thought it was understood between us, ever since that day you found me on Glashgar. In my thoughts I have been yours all the time."

She turned her face to the lamp-post. But Gibbie made her look.

"You do not mean," he spelled very hurriedly, "that you would marry *me*? — *Me*? I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"*You* didn't mean it then!" cried Ginevra with a cry — bitter but feeble with despair and ending in a stifled shriek. "What *have* I been saying then! I thought I belonged to you! I thought you meant to take me all the time!" She burst into an agony of sobbing. "Oh me! me! I have been alone all the time, and did not know it!"

She sank on the pavement at the foot of the lamp-post, weeping sorely, and shaken with her sobs. Gibbie was in sad perplexity. Heaven had opened before his gaze; its colors filled his eyes; its sounds filled his ears and heart and brain; but the portress was busy crying and would not open the door. Neither could he get at her to comfort her, for, her eyes being wanted to cry with, his poor signs were of no use. Dumbness is a drawback to the gift of consolation.

It was a calm night early in March, clear overhead, and the heaven full of stars. The first faint think-odor of spring was in the air. A crescent moon hung half-way between the zenith and the horizon, clear as silver in firelight, and peaceful in the consciousness that not much was required of her yet. Both bareheaded, the one stood under the lamp, the other had fallen in a heap at its foot; the one was in the seventh paradise, and knew it; the other was weeping her heart out, yet was in the same paradise, if she would but have opened her eyes. Gibbie held one of her hands and stroked it. Then he pulled off his coat and laid it softly upon her. She grew a little quieter.

"Take me home, Gibbie," she said, in a gentle voice. All was over; there was no use in crying or even in thinking any more.

Gibbie put his arms round her, and helped her to her feet. She looked at him, and saw a face glorious with bliss. Never, not even on Glashgar, in the skin-coat of the beast-boy, had she seen him so like an angel. And in his eyes was that which triumphed, not over dumbness, but over speech. It brought the rose-fire rushing into her wan cheeks; she hid her face on his bosom; and, under the dingy red flame of the lamp in the stony street, they held each other, as blessed as if they had been under an orange tree haunted with fire-flies. For they knew each the heart of the other, and God is infinite.

How long they stood thus, neither of them knew. The lady would not have spoken if she could, and the youth could

not if he would. But the lady shivered and because she shivered, she would have the youth take his coat. He mocked at cold, made her put her arms in the sleeves, and buttoned it round her: both laughed to see how wide it was. Then he took her by the hand, and led her away, obedient as when first he found her and her heart upon Glashgar. Like two children, holding each other fast, they hurried along, in dread of pursuit. He brought her to Daur Street, and gave her into Mrs. Sclater's arms. Ginevra told her everything, except that her father had struck her, and Gibbie begged her to keep his wife for him till they could be married. Mrs. Sclater behaved like a mother to them, sent Gibbie away, and Ginevra to a hot bath and to bed.

CHAPTER XXI.

CATASTROPHE.

GIBBIE went home as if Pearl Street had been the stairs of Glashgar, and the Auld Hoose a mansion in the heavens. He seemed to float along the way as one floats in a happy dream, where motion is born at once of the will, without the intermediating mechanics of nerve, muscle, and fulcrum. Love had been gathering and ever storing itself in his heart so many years for this brown dove! now at last the rock was smitten, and its treasure rushed forth to her service. In nothing was it changed as it issued, save as the dark, silent, motionless water of the cavern changes into the sparkling, singing, dancing rivulet. Gibbie's love was simple, unselfish, undemanding — not merely asking for no return, but asking for no recognition, requiring not even that its existence should be known. He was a rare one, who did not make the common miserable blunder of taking the shadow cast by love — the desire, namely, to be loved — for love itself; his love was a vertical sun, and his own shadow was under his feet. Silly youths and maidens count themselves martyrs of love, when they are but the pining witnesses to a delicious and entrancing selfishness. But do not mistake me through confounding, on the other hand, the desire to be loved — which is neither wrong nor noble, any more than hunger is either wrong or noble — and the delight in being loved, to be devoid of which a man must be lost in an immeasurably deeper, in an evil, ruinous, yea, a fiendish selfishness. Not to care for love is the still worse reaction from the self-foiled and outworn greed of love. Gibbie's love was a diamond among gem-loves.

There are men whose love to a friend is less selfish than their love to the dearest woman; but Gibbie's was not a love to be less divine towards a woman than towards a man. One man's love is as different from another's as the one is himself different from the other. The love that dwells in one man is an angel, the love in another is a bird, that in another a hog. Some would count worthless the love of a man who loved everybody. There would be no distinction in being loved by such a man! — and distinction, as a guarantee of their own great worth, is what such seek. There are women who desire to be the *sole* object of a man's affection, and are all their lives devoured by unlawful jealousies. A love that had never gone forth upon human being but themselves, would be to them the treasure to sell all that they might buy. And the man who brought such a love might in truth be all-absorbed therein himself: the poorest of creatures may well be absorbed in the poorest of loves. A heart has to be taught to love, and its first lesson, however well learnt, no more makes it perfect in love, than the A B C makes a *savant*. The man who loves most will love best. The man who thoroughly loves God and his neighbor is the only man who will love a woman ideally — who can love her with the love God thought of between them when he made man male and female. The man, I repeat, who loves God with his very life, and his neighbor as Christ loves him, is the man who alone is capable of grand, perfect, glorious love to any woman. Because Gibbie's love was towards everything human, he was able to love Ginevra as Donal, poet and prophet, was not yet grown able to love her. To that of the most passionate of unbelieving lovers, Gibbie's love was as the fire of a sun to that of a forest. The fulness of a world of love-ways and love-thoughts was Gibbie's. In sweet affairs of loving-kindness, he was in his own kingdom, and sat upon its throne. And it was this essential love, acknowledging and embracing, as a necessity of its being, everything that could be loved, which now centred its rays on the individual's individual. His love to Ginevra stood like a growing thicket of aromatic shrubs, until her confession set the fire of heaven to it, and the flame that consumes not, but gives life, arose and shot homeward. He had never imagined, never hoped, never desired she should love him like that. She had refused his friend, the strong, the noble, the beautiful, Donal the poet, and it never could but from her own lips have found way to his belief that she

had turned her regard upon wee Sir Gibbie, a nobody, who to himself was a mere burning heart running about in tattered garments. His devotion to her had forestalled every pain with its antidote of perfect love, had negated every lack, had precluded every desire, had shut all avenues of entrance against self. Even if "a little thought unsound" should have chanced upon an entrance, it would have found no soil to root and grow in: the soil for the harvest of pain is that brought down from the peaks of pride by the torrents of desire. Immeasurably the greater therefore was his delight, when the warmth and odor of the love that had been from time to time immemorial passing out from him in virtue of consolation and healing, came back upon him in the softest and sweetest of flower-waking spring-winds. Then indeed was his heart a bliss worth God's making. The sum of happiness in the city, if gathered that night into one wave, could not have reached half-way to the crest of the mighty billow tossing itself heavenward as it rushed along the ocean of Gibbie's spirit.

He entered the close of the Auld Hoose. But the excess of his joy had not yet turned to light, was not yet passing from him in physical flame: whence then the glow that illumined the court? He looked up. The windows of Mistress Croale's bedroom were glaring with light! He opened the door hurriedly and darted up. On the stair he was met by the smell of burning, which grew stronger as he ascended. He opened Mistress Croale's door. The chintz curtains of her bed were flaming to the ceiling. He darted to it. Mistress Croale was not in it. He jumped upon it, and tore down the curtains and tester, trampling them under his feet upon the blankets. He had almost finished, and, at the bottom of the bed, was reaching up and pulling at the last of the flaming rags, when a groan came to his ears. He looked down: there at the foot of the bed, on her back upon the floor, lay Mistress Croale in her satin gown, with red swollen face, wide-open mouth, and half-open eyes, dead drunk, a heap of ruin. A bit of glowing tinder fell on her forehead. She opened her eyes, looked up, uttered a terrified cry, closed them, and was again motionless, except for her breathing. On one side of her lay a bottle, on the other a chamber-candlestick upset, with the candle guttered into a mass.

With the help of the water-jugs, and the bath which stood ready in his room, he succeeded at last in putting out the fire,

and then turned his attention to Mistress Croale. Her breathing had grown so stertorous that he was alarmed, and getting more water, bathed her head, and laid a wet handkerchief on it, after which he sat down and watched her. It would have made a strange picture: the middle of the night, the fire-blasted bed, the painful, ugly carcase on the floor, and the sad yet — I had almost said *radiant* youth, watching near. The slow night passed.

The gray of the morning came, chill and cheerless. Mistress Croale stirred, moved, crept up rather than rose to a sitting position, and stretched herself yawning. Gibbie had risen and stood over her. She caught sight of him; absolute terror distorted her sodden face; she stared at him, then stared about her, like one who had suddenly waked in hell. He took her by the arm. She obeyed, rose, and stood, fear conquering the remnants of drunkenness, with her whisky-scorched eyes following his every movement, as he got her cloak and bonnet. He put them on her. She submitted like a child caught in wickedness, and cowed by the capture. He led her from the house, out into the dark morning, made her take his arm, and away they walked together, down to the river-side. She gave a reel now and then, and sometimes her knees would double under her; but Gibbie was no novice at the task, and brought her safe to the door of her lodging — of which, in view of such a possibility, he had been paying the rent all the time. He opened the door with her pass-key, led her up the stair, unlocked the door of her garret, placed her in a chair, and left her, closing the doors gently behind him. Instinctively she sought her bed, fell upon it, and slept again.

When she woke, her dim mind was haunted by a terrible vision of resurrection and damnation, of which the only point she could plainly recall, was an angel, as like Sir Gibbie as he could look, hanging in the air above her, and sending out flames on all sides of him, which burned her up, inside and out, shrivelling soul and body together. As she lay thinking over it, with her eyes closed, suddenly she remembered, with a pang of dismay, that she had got drunk and broken her vow — that was the origin of the bad dream, and the dreadful headache, and the burning at her heart! She must have water! Painfully lifting herself upon one elbow, she opened her eyes. Then what a bewilderment, and what a discovery, slow unfolding itself, were hers! Like her first parents she had fallen; her paradise was gone; she lay

outside among the thorns and thistles before the gate. From being the virtual mistress of a great house, she was back in her dreary lonely garret! Re-exiled in shame from her briefly regained respectability, from friendship and honorable life and the holding forth of help to the world, she lay there a sow that had been washed, and washed in vain! What a sight of disgrace was her grand satin gown—wet, and scorched, and smeared with candle! and, ugh! how it smelt of smoke and burning and the dregs of whisky! And her lace!—She gazed at her finery as an angel might on his feathers which the enemy had burned while he slept on his watch.

She must have water! She got out of bed with difficulty, then for a whole hour sat on the edge of it motionless, unsure that she was not in hell. At last she wept—acrid tears, for very misery. She rose, took off her satin and lace, put on a cotton gown, and was once more a decent-looking poor body—except as to her glowing face and burning eyes, which to bathe she had nothing but tears. Again she sat down, and for a space did nothing, only suffered in ignominy. At last life began to revive a little. She rose and moved about the room, staring at the things in it as a ghost might stare at the grave-clothes on its abandoned body. There on the table lay her keys; and what was that under them?—A letter addressed to her. She opened it, and found five pound-notes, with these words: “I promise to pay to Mrs. Croale five pounds monthly, for nine months to come. Gilbert Galbraith.” She wept again. He would never speak to her more! She had lost him at last—her only friend!—her sole link to God and goodness and the kingdom of heaven!—lost him forever!

The day went on, cold and foggy without, colder and drearier within. Sick and faint and disgusted, the poor heart had no atmosphere to beat in save an infinite sense of failure and lost opportunity. She had fuel enough in the room to make a little fire, and at length had summoned resolve sufficient for the fetching of water from the street pump. She went to the cupboard to get a jug: she could not carry a pailful. There in the corner stood her demon-friend! her own old familiar, the black bottle! as if he had been patiently waiting for her all the long dreary time she had been away! With a flash of fierce joy she remembered she had left it half-full. She caught it up, and held it between her and the fading light of the misty window;

it was half-full still!—One glass—a hair of the dog—would set her free from faintness and sickness, disgust and misery! There was no one to find fault with her now! She could do as she liked—there was no one to care!—nothing to take fire!—She set the bottle on the table, because her hand shook, and went again to the cupboard to get a glass. On the way—borne upward on some heavenly current from the depths of her soul, the face of Gibbie, sorrowful because loving, like the face of the Son of Man, met her. She turned, seized the bottle, and would have dashed it on the hearthstone, but that a sudden resolve arrested her lifted arm: Gibbie should see! She would be strong! That bottle should stand on that shelf until the hour when she could show it him and say, “See the proof of my victory!” She drove the cork fiercely in. When its top was level with the neck, she set the bottle back in its place, and from that hour it stood there, a temptation, a ceaseless warning, the monument of a broken but reparable vow, a pledge of hope. It may not have been a prudent measure. To a weak nature it would have involved certain ruin. But there are natures that do better under difficulty; there are many such. And with that fiend-like shape in her cupboard the one ambition of Mistress Croale’s life was henceforth inextricably bound up: she would turn that bottle into a witness for her against the judgment she had deserved. Close by the cupboard door, like a kite or an owl nailed up against a barn, she hung her soiled and dishonored satin gown; and the dusk having now gathered, took the jug, and fetched herself water. Then, having set her kettle on the fire, she went out with her basket and bought bread, and butter. After a good cup of tea and some nice toast, she went to bed again, much easier both in mind and body, and slept.

In the morning she went to the market, opened her shop, and waited for customers. Pleasure and surprise at her reappearance brought the old ones quickly back. She was friendly and helpful to them as before; but the slightest approach to inquiry as to where she had been or what she had been doing, she met with simple obstinate silence. Gibbie’s bounty, and her faithful abstinence enabled her to add to her stock and extend her trade. By-and-by she had the command of a little money; and when in the late autumn there came a time of scarcity and disease, she went about among the poor like a disciple of Sir Gibbie. Some said that, from her

knowledge of their ways, from her judgment, and by her personal ministration of what, for her means, she gave more bountifully than any, she did more to hearten their endurance, than all the ladies together who administered money subscribed. It came to Sir Gibbie's ears, and rejoiced his heart: his old friend was on the King's highway still! In the mean time she saw nothing of him. Not once did he pass her shop, where often her mental, and not unfrequently her bodily attitude was that of a watching lover. The second day, indeed, she saw him at a little distance, and sorely her heart smote her, for one of his hands was in a sling; but he crossed to the other side, plainly to avoid her. She was none the less sure, however, that when she asked him he would forgive her; and ask him she would, as soon as she had satisfactory proof of repentance to show him.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRANGEMENT AND PREPARATION.

THE next morning, the first thing after breakfast, Mr. Sclater, having reflected that Gipevra was under age and they must be careful, resumed for the nonce, with considerable satisfaction, his office of guardian, and holding no previous consultation with Gibbie, walked to the cottage, and sought an interview with Mr. Galbraith, which the latter accorded with a formality suitable to his idea of his own inborn grandeur. But his assumption had no effect on nut-headed Mr. Sclater, who, in this matter at all events, was at peace with his conscience.

"I have to inform you, Mr. Galbraith," he began, "that Miss Galbraith——"

"Oh!" said the laird, "I beg your pardon; I was not aware it was my daughter you wished to see."

He rose and rang the bell. Mr. Sclater, annoyed at his manner, held his peace.

"Tell your mistress," said the laird, "that the Rev. Mr. Sclater wishes to see her."

The girl returned with a scared face, and the news that her mistress was not in her room. The laird's loose mouth dropped looser.

"Miss Galbraith did us the honor to sleep at our house last night," said Mr. Sclater deliberately.

"The devil!" cried the laird, relieved. "Why!—What!—Are you aware of what you are saying, sir?"

"Perfectly; and of what I saw too. A blow looks bad on a lady's face."

"Good heavens! the little hussey dared to say I struck her?"

"She did not say so; but no one could fail to see some one had. If you do not know who did it, I do."

"Send her home instantly, or I will come and fetch her," cried the laird.

"Come and dine with us if you want to see her. For the present she remains where she is. You want her to marry Fergus Duff; she prefers my ward, Gilbert Galbraith, and I shall do my best for them."

"She is under age," said the laird.

"That fault will rectify itself as fast in my house as in yours," returned the minister. "If you invite the publicity of a legal action, I will employ counsel, and wait the result."

Mr. Sclater was not at all anxious to hasten the marriage; he would much rather, in fact, have it put off, at least until Gibbie should have taken his degree. The laird started up in a rage, but the room was so small that he sat down again. The minister leaned back in his chair. He was too much displeased with the laird's behavior to lighten the matter for him by setting forth the advantages of having Sir Gibbie for a son-in-law.

"Mr. Sclater," said the laird at length, "I am shocked, unspeakably shocked, at my daughter's conduct. To leave the shelter of her father's roof, in the middle of the night, and——"

"About seven o'clock in the evening," interjected Mr. Sclater.

"—and take refuge with strangers!" continued the laird.

"By no means strangers, Mr. Galbraith!" said the minister. "You drive your daughter from your house, and are then shocked to find she has taken refuge with friends!"

"She is an unnatural child. She knows well enough what I think of her, and what reason she has given me so to think."

"When a man happens to be alone in any opinion," remarked the minister, "even if the opinion should be of his own daughter, the probabilities are he is wrong. Every one but yourself has the deepest regard for Miss Galbraith."

"She has always cultivated strangely objectionable friendships," said the laird.

"For my own part," said the minister, as if heedless of the laird's last remark, "although I believe she has no dowry, and there are reasons besides why the connection should not be desirable, I do not know a lady I should prefer for a wife to my ward."

The minister's plain speaking was not without effect upon the laird. It made him uncomfortable. It is only when the conscience is wide awake and regnant that it can be appealed to without giving a cry for response. Again he sat silent a while. Then gathering all the pomp and stiffness at his command,

"Oblige me by informing my daughter," he said, "that I request her, for the sake of avoiding scandal, to return to her father's house until she is of age."

"And in the mean time you undertake —"

"I undertake nothing," shouted the laird, in his feeble, woolly, yet harsh voice.

"Then I refuse to carry your message. I will be no bearer of that from which, as soon as delivered, I should dissuade."

"Allow me to ask, are you a minister of the gospel, and stir up a child against her own father?"

"I am not here to bandy words with you, Mr. Galbraith. It is nothing to me what you think of me. If you will engage not to urge your choice upon Miss Galbraith, I think it probable she will at once return to you. If not, —"

"I will not force her inclinations," said the laird. "She knows my wish, and she ought to know the duty of a daughter."

"I will tell her what you say," answered the minister, and took his departure.

When Gibbie heard, he was not at all satisfied with Mr. Sclater's interference to such result. He wished to marry Ginevra at once, in order to take her from under the tyranny of her father. But he was readily convinced it would be better, now things were understood, that she should go back to him, and try once more to gain him. The same day she did go back, and Gibbie took up his quarters at the minister's.

Ginevra soon found that her father had not yielded the idea of having his own way with her, but her spirits and courage were now so good, that she was able not only to endure with less suffering, but to carry herself quite differently. Much less afraid of him, she was the more watchful to minister to his wants, dared a loving liberty now and then in spite of his coldness, took his oburgations with something of the gaiety of one who did not or would not believe he meant them, and when he abused Gibbie, did not answer a word, knowing events alone could set him right in his idea of him. Rejoiced that he had not laid hold of the fact that Glashruach was Gibbie's, she never mentioned the

place to him; for she shrunk with the sharpest recoil from the humiliation of seeing him, upon conviction, turn from Fergus to Gibbie: the kindest thing they could do for him would be to marry against his will, and save him from open tergiversation; for no one could then blame him, he would be thoroughly pleased, and not having the opportunity of self-degradation, would be saved the cause for self-contempt.

For some time Fergus kept on hoping. The laird, blinded by his own wishes, and expecting Gibbie would soon do something to bring public disgrace upon himself, did not tell him of his daughter's determination and self-engagement, while, for her part, Ginevra believed she fulfilled her duty towards him in the endeavor to convince him by her conduct that nothing could ever induce her to marry him. So the remainder of the session passed — the laird urging his objections against Gibbie, and growing extravagant in his praises of Fergus, while Ginevra kept taking fresh courage and being of good cheer. Gibbie went to the cottage once or twice, but the laird made it so uncomfortable for them, and Fergus was so rude, that they agreed it would be better to content themselves with meeting when they had the chance.

At the end of the month Gibbie went home as usual, telling Ginevra he must be present to superintend what was going on at Glashruach to get the house ready for her, but saying nothing of what he was building there. By the beginning of the winter, they had got the buttress-wall finished and the coping on it, also the shell of the new house roofed in, so that the carpenters had been at work all through the frost and snow, and things had made great progress without any hurry; and now, since the first day the weather had permitted, the masons were at work again. The bridge was built, the wall of the old house broken through, the turret carried aloft. The channel of the little burn they had found completely blocked by a great stone at the farther edge of the landslip; up to this stone they opened the channel, protecting it by masonry against further slip, and by Gibbie's directions left it so — after boring the stone, which still turned every drop of the water aside into the Glashburn, for a good charge of gunpowder. All the hollow where the latter burn had carried away pinewood and shrubbery, gravel drive and lawn, had been planted, mostly with fir trees; and a weir of strong masonry, a little way below the house, kept the water back, so that it rose and spread,

and formed a still pool just under the house, reflecting it far beneath. If Ginevra pleased, Gibbie meant to raise the weir, and have quite a little lake in the hollow. A new approach had been contrived, and was nearly finished before Gibbie returned to college.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEDDING.

IN the mean time Fergus, dull as he was to doubt his own importance and success — for did not the public acknowledge both? — yet by degrees lost heart and hope so far as concerned Ginevra, and at length told the laird that, much as he valued his society, and was indebted for his kindness, he must deny himself the pleasure of visiting any more at the cottage — so plainly was his presence unacceptable to Miss Galbraith. The laird blustered against his daughter, and expostulated with the preacher, not forgetting to hint at the ingratitude of forsaking him, after all he had done and borne in the furthering of his interests: Jenny must at length come to see what reason and good sense required of her! But Fergus had at last learned his lesson, and was no longer to be blinded. Besides, there had lately come to his church a certain shopkeeper, retired rich, with one daughter; and as his hope of the dignity of being married to Ginevra faded, he had come to feel the enticement of Miss Lapraik's money and good looks — which gained in force considerably when he began to understand the serious off-sets there were to the honor of being son-in-law to Mr. Galbraith: a nobody as was old Lapraik in himself and his position, he was at least looked upon with respect, argued Fergus; and indeed the man was as honest as it is possible for any worshipper of Mammon to be. Fergus therefore received the laird's expostulations and encouragements with composure, but when at length, in his growing acidity, Mr. Galbraith reflected on his birth, and his own condescension in showing him friendship, Fergus left the house, never to go near it again. Within three months, for a second protracted courtship was not to be thought of, he married Miss Lapraik, and lived respectable ever after — took to writing hymns, became popular afresh through his poetry, and exercised a double influence for the humiliation of Christianity. But what matter, while he counted himself fortunate, and thought himself happy! his fame spread; he had good health; his wife worshipped him; and

if he had had a valet, I have no doubt he would have been a hero to him, thus climbing the topmost untrodden peak of the world's greatness.

When the next evening came, and Fergus did not appear, the laird fidgeted, then stormed, then sank into a moody silence. When the second night came, and Fergus did not come, the sequence was the same, with exasperated symptoms. Night after night passed thus, and Ginevra began to fear for her father's reason. She challenged him to play backgammon with her, but he scorned the proposal. She begged him to teach her chess, but he scouted the notion of her having wit enough to learn. She offered to read to him, entreated him to let her do something with him, but he repelled her every advance with contempt and surliness, which now and then broke into rage and vituperation.

As soon as Gibbie returned, Ginevra let him know how badly things were going with her father. They met, consulted, agreed that the best thing was to be married at once, made their preparations, and confident that, if asked, he would refuse his permission, proceeded, for his sake, as if they had had it.

One morning, as he sat at breakfast, Mr. Galbraith received from Mr. Torrie, whom he knew as the agent in the purchase of Glashruach, and whom he supposed to have bought it for Major Culsalmon, a letter, more than respectful, stating that matters had come to light regarding the property which rendered his presence on the spot indispensable for their solution, especially as there might be papers of consequence in view of the points in question, in some drawer or cabinet of those he had left locked behind him. The present owner, therefore, through Mr. Torrie, begged most respectfully that Mr. Galbraith would sacrifice two days of his valuable time, and visit Glashruach. The result, he did not doubt, would be to the advantage of both parties. If Mr. Galbraith would kindly signify to Mr. Torrie his assent, a carriage and four, with postilions, that he might make the journey in all possible comfort, should be at his house the next morning, at ten o'clock, if that hour would be convenient.

For weeks the laird had been an unmitigated bore to himself, and the invitation laid hold upon him by the most projecting handle of his being, namely, his self-importance. He wrote at once to signify his gracious assent; and in the evening told his daughter he was going to Glashruach

on business, and had arranged for Miss Kimble to come and stay with her till his return.

At nine o'clock the schoolmistress came to breakfast, and at ten a travelling carriage with four horses drew up at the door, looking nearly as big as the cottage. With monstrous stateliness, and a fur-coat on his arm, the laird descended to his garden gate, and got into the carriage, which instantly dashed away for the western road, restoring Mr. Galbraith to the full consciousness of his inherent grandeur: if he was not exactly laird of Glashruach again, he was something quite as important. His carriage was just out of the street, when a second, also with four horses, drew up, to the astonishment of Miss Kimble, at the garden gate. Out of it stepped Mr. and Mrs. Sclater! then a young gentleman, whom she thought very graceful until she discovered it was that low-lived Sir Gilbert! and Mr. Torrie, the lawyer! They came trooping into the little drawing-room, shook hands with them both, and sat down, Sir Gilbert beside Ginevra, — but nobody spoke. What could it mean! A morning call? It was too early. And four horses to a morning call! A pastoral visitation? Four horses and a lawyer to a pastoral visitation! A business call? There was Mrs. Sclater! and that Sir Gilbert! — It must after all be a pastoral visitation, for there was the minister commencing a religious service! — during which however it suddenly revealed itself to the horrified spinster that she was part and parcel of a clandestine wedding! An anxious father had placed her in charge of his daughter, and this was how she was fulfilling her trust! There was Ginevra being married in a brown dress! — and to that horrid lad, who called himself a baronet, and hobbled with a low market-woman! But, alas! just as she was recovering her presence of mind, Mr. Sclater pronounced them husband and wife! She gave a shriek, and cried out, "I forbid the bans," at which the company, bride and bridegroom included, broke into "a loud smile." The ceremony over, Ginevra glided from the room, and returned almost immediately in her little brown bonnet. Sir Gilbert caught up his hat, and Ginevra held out her hand to Miss Kimble. Then at length the abashed and aggrieved lady found words of her own.

"Ginevra!" she cried, "you are never going to leave me alone in the house! — after inviting me to stay with you till your father returned!"

But the minister answered her.

"It was her father who invited you, I believe, not Lady Galbraith," he said; "and you understood perfectly that the invitation was not meant to give her pleasure. You would doubtless have her postpone her wedding journey on your account, but my lady is under no obligation to think of you." — He had heard of her tattle against Sir Gilbert, and thus rudely showed his resentment.

Miss Kimble burst into tears. Ginevra kissed her, and said,

"Never mind, dear Miss Kimble. You could not help it. The whole thing was arranged. We are going after my father, and we have the best horses."

Mr. Torrie laughed outright.

"A new kind of runaway marriage!" he cried. "The happy couple pursuing the obstinate parent with four horses! Ha! ha! ha!"

"But after the ceremony!" said Mr. Sclater.

Here the servant ran down the steps with a carpet-bag, and opened the gate for her mistress. Lady Galbraith got into the carriage; Sir Gilbert followed; there was kissing and tears at the door of it; Mrs. Sclater drew back; the postilions spurred their horses; off went the second carriage faster than the first; and the minister's party walked quietly away, leaving Miss Kimble to declaim to the maid of all work, who cried so that she did not hear a word she said. The school mistress put on her bonnet, and full of indignation carried her news of the treatment to which she had been subjected to the Rev. Fergus Duff, who remarked to himself that it was sad to see youth and beauty turn away from genius and influence to wed money and idiocy, gave a sigh, and went to see Miss Lapraik.

Between the second stage and the third Gibbie and Ginevra came in sight of their father's carriage. Having arranged with the postilions that the two carriages should not change horses at the same places, they easily passed unseen by him, while, thinking of nothing so little as their proximity, he sat in state before the door of a village-inn.

Just as Mr. Galbraith was beginning to hope the major had contrived a new approach to the place, the carriage took an unexpected turn, and he found presently they were climbing, by a zig-zag road, the height over the Lorrie burn; but the place was no longer his, and to avoid a sense of humiliation, he avoided taking any interest in the change.

A young woman — it was Donal's eldest

sister, but he knew nothing of her — opened the door to him, and showed him up the stair to his old study. There a great fire was burning; but beyond that, everything, even to the trifles on his writing table, was just as when last he left the house. His chair stood in its usual position by the fire, and wine and biscuits were on a little table near.

"Very considerate!" he said to himself. "I trust the major does not mean to keep me waiting, though. Deuced hard to have to leave a place like this!"

Wearily with his journey he fell into a doze, dreamed of his dead wife, woke suddenly, and heard the door of the room open. There was Major Culsalmon entering with outstretched hand! and there was a lady — his wife doubtless! But how young the major was! he had imagined him a man in middle age at least! — Bless his soul! was he never to get rid of this impostor fellow! it was not the major! it was the rascal calling himself Sir Gilbert Galbraith! — the half-witted wretch his fool of a daughter insisted on marrying! Here he was, ubiquitous as Satan! And — bless his soul again! there was the minx, Jenny! looking as if the place was her own! The silly tears in her eyes too! — It was all too absurd! He had just been dreaming of his dead wife, and clearly that was it! he was not awake yet!

He tried hard to wake, but the dream mastered him.

"Jenny!" he said, as the two stood for a moment regarding him, a little doubtfully, but with smiles of welcome, "what is the meaning of this? I did not know Major Culsalmon had invited *you*! And what is this person doing here?"

"Papa," replied Ginevra with a curious smile, half merry, half tearful, "this person is my husband, Sir Gilbert Galbraith of Glashruach; and you are at home in your own study again."

"Will you never have done masquerading, Jenny?" he returned. "Inform Major Culsalmon that I request to see him immediately."

He turned towards the fire, and took up a newspaper. They thought it better to leave him. As he sat, by degrees the truth grew plain to him. But not one other word on the matter did the man utter to the day of his death. When dinner was announced, he walked straight from the dining-room door to his former place at the foot of the table. But Robina Grant was equal to the occasion. She caught up the dish before him, and set it at the side. There Gibbie seated himself; and, after

a moment's hesitation, Ginevra placed herself opposite her husband.

The next day Gibbie provided him with something to do. He had the chest of papers found in the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith carried into his study, and the lawyer found both employment and interest for weeks in deciphering and arranging them. Amongst many others concerning the property, its tenures, and boundaries, appeared some papers which, associated and compared, threw considerable doubt on the way in which portions of it had changed hands, and passed from those of Gibbie's ancestors into those of Ginevra's — who were lawyers as well as Galbraiths; and the laird was keen of scent as any nose-hound after dishonesty in other people. In the course of a fortnight he found himself so much at home in his old quarters, and so much interested in those papers and his books, that when Sir Gilbert informed him Ginevra and he were going back to the city, he pronounced it decidedly the better plan, seeing he was there *himself* to look after affairs.

For the rest of the winter therefore, Mr. Galbraith played the *grand seigneur* as before among the tenants of Glashruach.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BURN.

THE moment they were settled in the Auld Hoose, Gibbie resumed the habits of the former winter, which Mistress Croale's failure had interrupted. And what a change it was to Ginevra — from imprisonment to ministration! She found difficulties at first, as may readily be believed. But presently came help. As soon as Mistress Croale heard of their return, she went immediately to Lady Galbraith, one morning while Sir Gibbie was at college, literally knelt at her feet, and with tears told her the whole tale, beseeching her intercession with Sir Gibbie.

"I want naething," she insisted, "but his fawvour, an' the licht o' his bonnie countenance."

The end of course was that she was gladly received again into the house, where once more she attended to all the principal at least of her former duties. Before she died, there was a great change and growth in her: she was none of those before whom pearls must not be cast.

Every winter, for many years, Sir Gilbert and Lady Galbraith occupied the Auld Hoose; which by degrees came at length to be known as the refuge of all that were in honest distress, the salvation of all in

themselves such as could be helped, and a covert for the night to all the houseless, of whatever sort, except those drunk at the time. Caution had to be exercised, and judgment used; the caution was tender and the judgment stern. The next year they built a house in a sheltered spot on Glashgar, and thither from the city they brought many invalids to spend the summer months under the care of Janet and her daughter Robina, whereby not a few were restored sufficiently to earn their bread for a time thereafter.

The very day the session was over, they returned to Glashruach, where they were received by the laird, as he was still called, as if they had been guests. They found Joseph, the old butler, reinstated, and Angus again acting as gamekeeper. Ginevra welcomed Joseph, but took the first opportunity of telling Angus that for her father's sake Sir Gilbert allowed him to remain, but on the first act of violence, he should at once be dismissed, and probably prosecuted as well. Donal's eldest brother was made bailiff. Before long Gibbie got the other two also about him, and as soon as, with justice, he was able, settled them together upon one of his farms. Every Saturday, so long as Janet lived, they met as in the old times, at the cottage — only with Ginevra in the place of the absent Donal. More to her own satisfaction, after all, than Robert's, Janet went home first, — "to be at han'," she said, "to open the door till him whan he chaps." Then Robert went to his son's below on their farm, where he was well taken care of; but happily he did not remain long behind his wife. That first summer, Nicie returned to Glashruach to wait on Lady Galbraith, was more her friend than her servant, and when she married, was settled on the estate.

For some little time Ginevra was fully occupied in getting her house in order, and furnishing the new part of it. When that was done, Sir Gilbert gave an entertainment to his tenants. The laird preferred a trip to the city, "on business," to the humiliation of being present as other than the greatest; though perhaps he would have minded it less had he ever himself given a dinner to his tenants.

Robert and Janet declined the invitation. "We're ower auld for makin' merry 'cep' in oor ain herts," said Janet. "But bide ye, my bonny Sir Gibbie, till we're a' up yon'er, an' syne we'll see."

The place of honor was therefore given to Jean Mavor, who was beside herself with joy to see her broonie lord of the

land, and be seated beside him in respect and friendship. But her brother said it was "clean ridic'ulous;" and not to the last would consent to regard the new laird as other than half-witted, insisting that everything was done by his wife, and that the talk on his fingers was a mere pretence.

When the main part of the dinner was over, Sir Gilbert and his lady stood at the head of the table, and, he speaking by signs and she interpreting, made a little speech together. In the course of it Sir Gibbie took occasion to apologize for having once disturbed the peace of the country-side by acting the supposed part of a *broonie*, and in relating his adventures of the time, accompanied his wife's text with such graphic illustration of gesture, that his audience laughed at the merry tale till the tears ran down their cheeks. Then with a few allusions to his strange childhood, he thanked the God who led him through thorny ways into the very arms of love and peace in the cottage of Robert and Janet Grant, whence, and not from the fortune he had since inherited, came all his peace.

"He desires me to tell you," said Lady Galbraith, "that he was a stranger, and you folk of Daurside took him in, and if ever he can do a kindness to you or yours, he will. — He desires me also to say, that you ought not to be left ignorant that you have a poet of your own, born and bred among you — Donal Grant, the son of Robert and Janet, the friend of Sir Gilbert's heart, and one of the noblest of men. And he begs you to allow me to read you a poem he had from him this very morning — probably just written. It is called *The Laverock*. I will read it as well as I can. If any of you do not like poetry, he says — I mean Sir Gilbert says — you can go to the kitchen and light your pipes, and he will send your wine there to you."

She ceased. Not one stirred, and she read the verses — which, for the sake of having Donal in at the last of my book, I will print. Those who do not care for verse, may — metaphorically, I would not be rude — go and smoke their pipes in the kitchen.

THE LAVEROCK. (*lark*)

THE MAN SAYS:

Laverock i' the lift (*sky*)
Hae ye nae sang-thrift,
'At ye scatter't sae heigh, an' lat it a' drift?
Wasterfu' laverock!

Dimna ye ken
'At ye hing ower men
Wha haena a sang or a penny to spen'?
Hertless laverock!

But up there, you,
 I' the bow o' the blue,
 Haud skirlin' on as gien a' war new! (*keep*
shrilling)
 Toom-heidit laverock! (*emph-*
ty-headed)

Haith! ye're ower blythe:
 I see a great scythe
 Swing whaur yer nestie lies, doon i' the lythe
 (*shelter*)
 Liltin' laverock!

Eh, sic a soon!
 Birdie, come doon—
 Ye're fey to sing sic a merry tune, (*death-*
doomed)
 Gowkit laverock! (*silly*)

Come to yer nest;
 Yer wife's sair prest;
 She's clean worn oot wi' duin' her best,
 Rovin' laverock!

Winna ye haud?
 Ye're surely mad!
 Is there naebodie there to gie ye a daud? (*blow*)
 Menseless laverock!

Come doon an' conform;
 Pyke an honest worm,
 An' hap yer bairns frae the muckle storm,
 Spendrite laverock!

THE BIRD SINGS:

My nestie it lieth
 I' the how o' a han'; (*hollow*)
 The swing o' the scythe
 'Ill miss't by a span.

The lift it's sae cheerie!
 The win' it's sae free!
 I hing ower my dearie,
 An' sing cause I see.

My wife's wee breistie
 Grows warm wi' my sang,
 An' ilk crumpled-up beastie
 Kens no to think lang.

Up here the sun sings, but
 He only shines there!
 Ye haena na wings, but
 Come up on a prayer.

THE MAN SINGS:

Ye wee daurin' cratur,
 Ye rant an' ye sing
 Like an oye o' auld Natur' (*grandchild*)
 Ta'en hame by the King!

Ye wee feathert priestie,
 Yer bells i' yer thro't,
 Yer altar yer breistie,
 Yer mitre forgot—

Offerin' an' Aaron,
 Ye burn hert an' brain;
 An' dertin' an' daurin'
 Flee back to yer ain!

Ye wee minor prophet,
 It's 'maist my belief
 'At I'm doon i' Tophet,
 An' you abune grief!

Ye've deavt me an' daudit, (*deafened*)
 (*buffeted*)
 An' ca'd me a fule:
 I'm nearhan' persuaudit
 To gang to your schule!

For, birdie, I'm thinkin'
 Ye ken mair nor me—
 Gien ye haena been drinkin',
 An' sing as ye see.

Ye maun hae a sicht 'at
 Sees geyan far ben; (*considerably*)
 (*inwards*)

An' a hert for the micht o' 't
 Wad sair for nine men! (*serve*)

Somebody's been till
 Roun to ye wha (*whisper*)
 Said birdies war seen till
 E'en whan they fa'!

After the reading of the poem, Sir Gilbert and Lady Galbraith withdrew, and went towards the new part of the house, where they had their rooms. On the bridge, over which Ginevra scarcely ever passed without stopping to look both up and down the dry channel in the rock, she lingered as usual, and gazed from its windows. Below, the waterless bed of the burn opened out on the great valley of the Daur; above was the landslip, and beyond it the stream rushing down the mountain. Gibbie pointed up to it. She gazed a while, and gave a great sigh. He asked her—their communication was now more like that between two spirits: even signs had become almost unnecessary—what she wanted or missed. She looked in his face and said, "Naething but the sang o' my burnie, Gibbie." He took a small pistol from his pocket, and put it in her hand; then, opening the window, signed to her to fire it. She had never fired a pistol, and was a little frightened, but would have been utterly ashamed to shrink from anything Gibbie would have her do. She held it out. Her hand trembled. He laid his upon it, and it grew steady. She pulled the trigger, and dropped the pistol with a little cry. He signed to her to listen. A moment passed, and then, like a hugely magnified echo, came a roar that rolled from mountain to mountain, like a thunder drum. The next instant, the landslip seemed to come hurrying down the channel, roaring and leaping: it was the mud-brown waters of the burn, careering along as if mad with joy at having regained

their ancient course. Ginevra stared with parted lips, delight growing to apprehension as the live thing momentarily neared the bridge. With tossing mane of foam the brown courser came rushing on, and shot thundering under. They turned, and from the other window saw it tumbling headlong down the steep descent to the Lorrie. By quick gradations, even as they gazed, the mud melted away; the water grew clearer and clearer, and in a few minutes a small mountain-river, of a lovely lucid brown, transparent as a smoke-crystal, was dancing along under the bridge. It had ceased its roar and was sweetly singing.

"Let us see it from my room, Gibbie," said Ginevra.

They went up, and from the turret window looked down upon the water. They gazed until, like the live germ of the gathered twilight, it was scarce to be distinguished but by abstract motion.

"It's my ain burnie," said Ginevra, "an' its ain auld sang! I'll warran' it hasna forgotten a note o' t! Eh Gibbie, ye gie me a' thing!"

"*Gien I was a burnie, wadna I rin!*" sang Gibbie, and Ginevra heard the words, though Gibbie could utter only the air he had found for them so long ago. She threw herself into his arms, and hiding her face on his shoulder, clung silent to her silent husband. Over her lovely bowed head, he gazed into the cool spring night, sparkling with stars, and shadowy with mountains. His eyes climbed the stairs of Glasgar to the lonely peak dwelling among the lights of God; and if upon their way up the rocks they met no visible sentinels of heaven, he needed neither ascending stairs nor descending angels, for a better than the angels was with them.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGAZINE-WRITERS.

THE simplest autobiographical sketch is always a delicate matter, since enemies and charitable friends alike are sure to find something to take exception to. They are severe on the score of good taste, and receive with suspicion and distrust anything that sounds like self-laudation. At the same time a piece of frank autobiography must in any case possess exceptional interest. There are personal confidences which can hardly come within the reach of the most intelligent and indefatigable author of memoirs; while the public are always in

the kindly expectation that vanity and excessive self-esteem may get the better of you, and gratify their legitimate curiosity in a fashion you never contemplated. But in writing of magazines and magazine-contributors, it is an absolute necessity that we should become autobiographical — may we add, that it is a pride and a pleasure as well? For "Maga" was beyond dispute the parent and the model of the modern magazine; and the idea then originated has proved so happily successful that she has had a most miscellaneous family of promising imitators, and has founded a school of extraordinary popular literature. We have no wish to indulge in self-glorification, and we may leave the contents of the one hundred and twenty-four volumes to speak for themselves. But we may say that the form which the magazine quickly assumed has never been improved upon or materially altered; and it seems to us that there could hardly be a more conclusive tribute to the intelligence and experience which planned it. In modestly taking credit for the position the magazine has made for itself, and for the volumes it has contributed to contemporary literature, we need make the panegyric of no individual in particular. We merely pass in review the corps of writers which has invariably found its recruits among the brilliant talent of the day — talent which in very many instances we can congratulate ourselves on having been the first to recognize. On a dispassionate retrospect, we see little reason to believe that there have been visible fluctuations in the quality of the magazine, although it necessarily gained in vigor and repute in its riper maturity with extending connections. And we can show at least that its pages have always been the reflection of the literary genius and lustre of the times.

The magazine found the field free when it was planted, and circumstances were eminently propitious. In 1817 there had been a general revival, or rather a genesis, of taste — a stirring of literary intelligence and activity. The newly-born quarterlies were no doubt the precursors of the magazine; but from the first it asserted its individuality, striking out a line of its own. Its monthly publication gave an advantage in many ways. It threw itself as earnestly into party fight, and expressed itself equally on the gravest questions of political and social importance. But it could touch them more quickly and lightly, though none the less forcibly. In political warfare, as in the fencing-room or on the ground, flexibility of attack and defence

goes for much. When the strife is animated and the blood is hot, it is everything to recover yourself rapidly for point or for parry. The political contributors to "Maga" came to the front at once, and if they thrust home and hard, they fought fairly. They seemed to have hit off the happy mean between those articles of the newspaper press that were inevitably more or less hastily conceived, and the elaborately-reasoned lucubrations of the quarterly periodicals, which took more or less the form of the pamphlet. Or to change the metaphor, those flying field-batteries of theirs did excellent execution between the heavy guns of position and the rolling musketry-fire of the rank and file; and *Blackwood* from the first won the political influence which it has since been its purpose and ambition to maintain.

But it is not exclusively or even chiefly on its political articles that it has the right to rest its reputation. Perhaps its most cherished traditions are more closely associated with the belles-lettres. In 1817 the public taste had been educated with marvellous rapidity to the consciousness of new wants and to longings for intellectual luxuries. Never had name been more happily bestowed than that of the "Wizard of the North" on Sir Walter Scott. His genius, and the fresh *vraisemblance* of his romance — intensely patriotic yet most catholic and cosmopolitan — had been working like spells on the intelligence of his countrymen. Thenceforth there were to be open markets for the delicate productions of the brain; and men of culture and fancy, if they satisfied the popular taste, could count upon admirers and on generous appreciation. There were currents of simpler and more natural feeling; everybody had unconsciously become something of a critic — knowing, at all events, what pleased themselves. Writers were *en rapport* with a very different class of readers from those who had gone into modulated raptures over the polished formality of "Sir Charles Grandison," and had been charmed with the philosophical melody of Pope. The springs of the new impulse were in Scotland. Scott had familiarized his countrymen with those graphic pictures of homely scenery, with those vivid sketches of local character, of which everybody acknowledged the truth and the feeling. Their instincts, with the training he had given them, had come to reject the artificial for the real. People who had been welcomed to the hospitality of the baronial tower of Tullyveolan; who had been brought face to face with the

smugglers of the Solway and the stalwart sheep-farmers of Liddesdale; who had laughed with the learned Pleydell in his "high-jinks" at Clerihugh's, and looked in on the rough plenty of the cottage interior of the Mucklebackets, — could no longer be contented with false or fantastic pictures of habits of existence which lay beyond their spheres. There was a demand, we repeat, for the subordination of the ideal to the actual — a demand which must gain in strength with its gratification — and the originators of the magazine proposed to satisfy it.

In one sense, as we have already remarked, the contributions were lighter than those in the quarterlies. The latter asserted their *raison d'être*, as against the more ephemeral productions of the press, on the ground of their more deliberate thought, and the elaboration and polish of their workmanship. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that we dream of undervaluing that. All we mean to point out is, that the predominating and distinctive idea of the new undertaking was the assuring its contributors chances of fame, for which its predecessors could offer no similar opportunities. If we persist in referring to the quarterlies, it is for purposes of illustration — certainly not for the sake of invidious comparison. Essayists and reviewers like Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and subsequently, like Southey and Hayward, might collect and reprint their articles; but it was in the shape of a miscellany of the fragmentary and fugitive pieces that were rescued from unmerited and unfortunate neglect. Each individual article had to stand on its merits; it was a stone cast at random, as it were, on the cairn which was to serve as a monument to the memory of the writer. By inserting the publication of works in serial form, *Blackwood* passed volumes and libraries of volumes through his pages. A book that might have been ignored had it been brought out anonymously, or merely introduced by some slightly-known name, was there sure of extensive perusal and something more than dispassionate consideration. The subscribers to the magazine had come to feel something of self-pride in the growing success and popularity they contributed to. At all events, they were predisposed to look kindly on the *protégés* whom "Maga" vouched for as worth an introduction. It was for the more general public afterwards to confirm or reverse the verdict. The *débutant* had the encouragement of knowing that he addressed himself in the first place to a friendly audi-

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ence; and those who know anything of the finer and more sensitive literary temperament, will understand that a consciousness of this kind goes far towards promoting inspiration.

The new magazine was fortunate in having begun as it hoped to go on. At that time the name of "the Modern Athens" was by no means a misnomer for the Scottish capital, for there was a brilliant constellation of northern lights. The men who had grouped themselves round the founder, and thrown themselves heart and soul into his enterprise, were Wilson, Lockhart and Hogg, Galt and Gleig, Moir and Hamilton ("Delta" and "Cyril Thornton"), Alison (the historian), Dr. Maginn, and others, who, at that time, were less of notoriety. And we may observe that, from the first, the strength of the new venture was very much in the close union of its supporters. The directing mind was bound to the working brains by the ties of personal intimacy and friendship. It is now more than forty years since the death of Mr. William Blackwood, and the generation of his colleagues and friends has been gradually following him. But our notice of his magazine would be manifestly incomplete, if it did not comprehend a passing notice of a really remarkable man. Nor can we do better than quote some paragraphs from the obituary remarks which appeared in the number for October 1834, — the rather that they were written by one who knew him well, and who had every opportunity of appreciating his qualities, whether from personal intimacy or in business relations. Next to Professor Wilson, there was no one to whom the magazine in its early days was more indebted than to John Gibson Lockhart; and previous to his leaving for London in 1826, to undertake the direction of the *Quarterly*, no man contributed more regularly or more brilliantly to its pages. Mr. Lockhart thus wrote: —

In April 1817 he put forth the first number of this journal — the most important feature of his professional career. He had long before contemplated the possibility of once more raising magazine literature to a point not altogether unworthy of the great names which had been enlisted in its service in a preceding age. It was no sudden or fortuitous suggestion which prompted him to take up the enterprise, in which he was afterwards so pre-eminently successful as to command many honorable imitators. From an early period of its progress his magazine engrossed a very large share of his time; and though he scarcely ever wrote for its pages himself, the general management and arrangement of it, with the very extensive

literary correspondence which this involved and the constant superintendence of the press, would have been more than enough to occupy entirely any man but one of first-rate energies.

No man ever conducted business of all sorts in a more direct and manly manner. His opinion was on all occasions distinctly expressed — his questions were ever explicit — his answers conclusive. His sincerity might sometimes be considered as rough, but no human being ever accused him either of flattering or shuffling; and those men of letters who were in frequent communication with him soon conceived a respect and confidence for him, which, save in a very few instances, ripened into cordial regard and friendship.

Mr. Blackwood's sons inherited their father's friendships; and for sixty years the editorship of the magazine has been continued in the family with the same unvarying good fortune and ever-increasing influence. To the warm personal regard, to the perfect confidence existing between the Blackwoods and their contributors, we believe that the consistent character and continuous success of the magazine are mainly to be attributed. Then, as since, the writers have not only, for the most part, held the same general political views, but have been united in something like a common brotherhood by common tastes and mutual sympathies. There is a good deal in the "daffing" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" that is, of course, dramatically exaggerated. As the fun in the Blue Parlor sometimes grew fast and furious — as when North stripped for his "set-to" with the Shepherd, and when those jovial worthies made a race of it with Tickler in their wheeled chairs from one apartment to another — as the eating and drinking was always Garagantuan when these men of "not only good, but great appetites," "foregathered," — so the arguments and declamation often became brilliantly hyperbolic, and are seldom to be taken absolutely *au sérieux*. But in these inimitable "Noctes" we have the actual reflection of the standing relationship of the contributors; of men who belong, by virtue of unspoken vows, by some community of labor, opinions, and feeling, to an order of which they are reasonably proud, and for whose associations and traditions they have an affectionate veneration; of men who are happy to meet, when they have the opportunity, on a common ground, renewing and refreshing the old acquaintanceship, which may have been formed, after all, at second hand, and only by hearsay — and who, we may add, have no sort of objection to indulge in the discreet conviviality of such "flows of soul"

as, in our more degenerate times, has replaced the boisterous hospitality of "Ambrose's."

From the first, the new serial that had taken the thistle for its badge, and was to show the features of old George Buchanan on the cover, struck a key-note that was at once patriotic and popular. Even now, amid much that has long gone out of date, there seems to us to be delightful reading in those early numbers. There was metal most attractive in those gossiping papers on the gipsies, inspired, if not dictated, by Sir Walter Scott—as full of *esprit* as of knowledge of the subject. The race of vagabonds and "sorners" and masterful thieves had become the objects of most romantic interest since the novel-reader had been taken to the ruined roof trees of Dorncleugh,—had been introduced to "Tod" Gabriel on the hills of the Liddell, and the randy beggar-wife, faithful to the death, had died by Dirk Hatteraick's pistol in the cavern. To our fancy, there is no finer passage in all Scott's poetry than Meg Merrilies's prose apostrophe to the weak laird of Ellangowan, when he was brought face to face with the vagrants his bailiffs had driven from their hearths; nothing more touching than her regretful reference to the good old easy times, and her allusion to the wild devotion of her people. Then came "Mansie Wauch," by Delta, and some of the very best of Galt's Scottish novels, claiming precedence in that perennial series of fiction which has been streaming ever since through our columns; to be followed, no long time afterwards, by that charming military story, "The Subaltern," from the pen of the ex-chaplain-general of the forces, who, we are glad to say, is still alive, the father of the contributors to "Maga." From that time forward, with neither stint nor check, the magazine has been standing sponsor to English classics. For many years it may be said to have owed the lion's share of its attractions to the vigorous versatility of Wilson and Lockhart. Besides the long and lively course of the "Noctes," what an infinite variety of tales and essays, poems and *critiques*, Christopher scattered broadcast! The flow of wit and scholarship, of pathos and keen critical humor, was inexhaustible. With Professor Wilson as with Sir Walter Scott, to appreciate the author, one should know something of the man. With a redundancy of bodily health that reacted on his mental activity, never was there a more large-minded or great-hearted gentleman. We recognize the gentle strength of his

nature, when he stood bareheaded of a winter day at the funeral of his old comrade in literature, the Ettrick Shepherd—the solitary mourner of his class. He was too earnest not to be sometimes severe, but his hardest hitting was straightforward and above-board; and though his bite might be savage, there was no venom in it. We know very few essayists who have made their individuality so vivid to us, and hence the home-like and inexpressible charm of his writing. Had his lines been cast in a different lot of life, he might have been such a humble genius and genial vagabond as old Edie Ochiltree. The "callant" who was lost in the moorland parish, where "little Kit" had been sent to be educated by the worthy minister—who risked his life in shooting sparrows with the rusty gun that had to be supported on the shoulders of two or three of his school-fellows—grew up into the accomplished sportsman of "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket." No wonder that the stalwart professor of moral philosophy, who loved the shores of Windermere and the solitary tarns of the lake country; who dropped his red-deer in the "forests of the Thane," and the grouse on the wild moors of Dalnacardoch; who was such a "fell hand" with the "flee" in the Tweed and its tributaries, and was only beaten by the neck, *teste* the Shepherd, by the Flying Tailor of Ettrick "himself,"—should have kept the kindly freshness of his spirits unimpaired, and had a somewhat supercilious contempt for those he sweepingly designated as Cockneys. Wilson, in his manly frankness, detested false sentiment and fine-spun theories, with all that was affected and artificial in social conventionalities: he held to those old-fashioned ideas of fast party fidelity and public patriotism which it became the fashion to decry as the signs of narrow-mindedness by those who might envy his logic and his eloquence. Were his writings less universally known, we would willingly linger over his memory, for he has left his mark on the magazine. What the author of the Waverley Novels was to fiction, Christopher North was to magazine-writing; and he must have sensibly influenced the tone of many a man of talent, who may fairly put forward pretensions to originality.

From Wilson we pass by a natural succession to Professor Aytoun, a kindred spirit in many respects. Aytoun, while thoroughly cosmopolitan—witness his "Bon Gaultier" ballads, executed in partnership with Mr. Theodore Martin—was at the same time characteristically Scot-

tish; and much of what we have said of his prototype applies to him. All the lays that elicited from southern reviewers the admission that Scotland could still boast of a poet, appeared originally in the pages of "Maga." So did an instalment of the germ of that admirable parody "Firmilian," which agreeably tickled the subjects it scarified—see the lately published memoir of Sydney Dobell. A fragment of "Firmilian" was published as a review of a poem of the spasmodic school. It was done so cleverly, and was so exceedingly natural, that it completely took in one of the devotees of the "spasmodics," who had been in the habit of denouncing the injustice of "Maga." Whereupon Aytoun finished and published the extravaganza, which surpassed alike the beauties and eccentricities of the gentlemen he so ingeniously satirized. And *apropos* to Aytoun, we may refer to the collections of "Tales from Blackwood," literally so voluminous, which have proved by their very wide circulation the charity that suggested the idea of reprinting them. For perhaps there is no happier story-satire in the language than his "How we got up the Glenmurchkin Railway;" not to speak of others of his contributions, such as the "Emerald Studs," "How we got into the Tuileries"—a veritable foreshadowing of the follies and frenzy of the Commune—and "How I became a Yeoman."

The piquancy of a dressed salad or a *mayonnaise* lies in the conflicting ingredients that are artistically blended. So De Quincey was a welcome guest at the imaginary symposia in Gabriel's Road, as he was an honored member of the fraternity of the magazine. Yet there could hardly have been a greater contrast to Christopher, the hero of "the sporting jacket," than the dreamy philosopher, who, in spite of diligent searching, had never discovered a bird's nest, because he always took his rambles in the country between sunset and sunrise. The "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" excepted, all De Quincey's most striking works were given to the world in the magazine. And there is one aspect in which the conjunction of Wilson and De Quincey in its pages is especially worth noting. For they may be said unquestionably to have given contemporary criticism its present form and spirit, when they asserted the supremacy of nature as a standard over the affectation and morbid sentiment of the Cockney school of their day.

In as different a vein as can be imagined, yet no less likely to live, are the sea-tales of "Tom Cringle." The "Log" and the

"Cruise of the Midge" are simply inimitable in their way. They had never been anticipated by anything in similar style, and they have never since been even tolerably copied. It was so strange that they should have been written by a landsman, that people were slow to believe it. We have heard it reported that professional critics can hit off a flaw here and there, when "Tom" sends his seamen aloft among the spars and the rigging, or is handling his craft in a gale on a lee-shore. We defy the uninitiated even to doubt, so admirable is the *vraisemblance*, if not the omniscience. But the grand triumph of Michael Scott's genius is in the apparent absence of anything approaching to art. He is the hearty sailor, full of life and animal spirits, recalling his adventures with the enthusiasm that comes of reviving pleasant associations. We see him back again in the midshipman's berth with the reefers as he sits behind the Madeira decanter sparkling to the wax-lights. "Poor as I am," he observes, in his bluff nautical lingo, "to me mutton-fats are damnable." Or, luxuriating in the crisp biscuits and salt-junk, which he prefers to rarer delicacies—"Ay! you may turn up your nose, my fine fellow, but better men than you have agreed with me." And then how his pen runs on, as memories crowd upon him in actual inspiration! And how lightly and naturally he can change the vein, passing from gay to grave, and from the picturesque to the familiar! Now you are among a knot of jovial spirits in the ward-room, in a running fire of wit, anecdote, and repartee, pleasantly flavored by a whiff of the brine and the powder. Now a sail is sighted, and there is the excitement of a stern-chase before all hands are piped away to quarters. What can be more animating than the "action with the slaver," when the lumbering Spaniard, jammed up against the Cuban coast, has been laid aboard by the "tidy little 'Wave'?" or the involuntary cruise in that "tiny 'Hooker,'" when, paying the penalty of his indiscreet curiosity, Lieutenant Cringle is walked past the windows of the comfortable sleeping-room he has quitted, to be carried into captivity by Obed under the very guns of the "Gleam" and the "Fire-brand." The incidents crowded upon incidents in all the impressive intensity of this illusive realism, might have made the fortunes of a score of sensational sea-novels. But what we admire even more are the masterly descriptions. Unfamiliar scenery takes form and shape; strange and barbarous races change to familiar acquaint.

ances; the glow and glories of the tropics are borne into our very souls. We know not how it may be with other people, but since we used to wrap ourselves up in "Tom Cringle" in the days of our boyhood, we have always had an affectionate longing for the West Indies: nay, we have even had a kindly feeling for the plague-stricken coasts of west Africa, since we went up "the noble river" among the slaving gentry and the mephitic exhalations in the company of Brail and Lanyard and old "Davie Doublepipe." For that reason we own to having been disappointed in everything we have since read on those countries, — even in Kingsley's "At Last," — though we had hoped that the rector of Eversley was the very man to do them justice, as he had fully shared our anticipations and impressions. If we set foot on the wharves of Kingston to-morrow, we are persuaded that we should feel ourselves thoroughly at home, though we might be sadly impressed by the changes of time, — by the ruin of those hospitable merchants and planters, — even — tell it not in Gath — by the results of the emancipation, which turned whole households of attached and industrious slaves into a listless, indolent, good-for-nothing peasantry. We should recall those rides in merry company, through morning mists or noon-day sunshine, where the tropical luxuriance of the landscape, the magnificent shapes of the cloud-capped mountains, and the commanding views through the limpid air, over hill, and dale, and azure ocean, were unrolled before our enraptured eyes in the most picturesque of all Turnerian panoramas.

And like every born humorist, Michael Scott had a dash of almost melancholy seriousness in his nature. He is never more eloquent than among those scenes of beauty that are either gloomy or even oppressively melancholy, — witness the moonlight "nocturne" on the broad bosom of the west African river, rolling its torrent onwards to the broken bar, between the pestilential mangrove copses on its muddy banks; or the break of the morning there, when the mists are melting before the fiery splendors of the ascending sun; or the reverie on the translucent waters of the Cuban creek, when the "Firebrand" is threading the narrow passage that winds under the batteries of the Moro Castle; or the interview with "the pirate's leman" on her deathbed, when the hurricane is bursting over the house and the hills are gliding down into the valleys. His impulses towards the pathetic became

occasionally uncontrollable, and when his feelings were stirred he wrote as they moved him. We are persuaded of that because he shows so evidently a horror of "boring" his readers, or becoming mawkishly sentimental. Like Byron in "Don Juan," or his own Aaron Bang, who had been betrayed for once into solemn talk over the duckweed-covered waters of the mountain pool in Hayti, he always hastens to pass from the one extreme to the other. Thus he breaks away at the Moro, when the steward is made to announce that dinner is waiting; and he hastens to dive into the captain's cabin, where they have a merry night, "and some wine, and some fun, and there an end." And we may be sure indeed, when he has been exceptionally grave or pathetic, that his melancholy is the prelude to some "excellent fooling." In short, he never stales in his infinite variety of mood; and if we are conscious that we have been betrayed into an undue digression on him, it is because we owe him profound gratitude as one of the writers whom we delight to dip into again and again, though we have pretty nearly got him by heart. We fear, besides, that he is not nearly so well known nowadays as he deserves to be; and how we envy those who may have hitherto been strangers to him, should they make his acquaintance upon our introduction!

Looking at him in that point of view, we may plead forgiveness for writing of "Tom," as we love to call him, and giving him a relatively long notice. Many of the contributors who succeeded him have become household words and classics wherever the English tongue is spoken or English literature held in regard. There is Warren, with his "Diary of a late Physician" and his "Ten Thousand a Year." He passed medicine, law, and divinity successively through his hands in three successive romances; and it was but natural that the lawyer and active politician should have made his legal and political romance the most masterly of the three. "Ten Thousand a Year" will always be a historical memoir *pour servir* those who care to study the political situation in England after the passing of the Reform Bill. Bulwer and George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, and most novelists of mark, have since described the humors of the canvassing committees and the hustings. But without indulging in any comparisons, we may safely say that no one of them has surpassed the humorous excitement of the neck-and-neck contest for Yatton. And then the dramatic romance

of the great Yatton case! Surely never were musty legal documents and shrivelled parchments handled so freshly: the fluctuations in the grand trial at the York assizes remind you of "the gentle passage of arms" in "Ivanhoe," in the lists of the neighboring Ashby-de-la-Zouch. You listen breathlessly, and throw yourself into the speeches, as champion faces champion, and Mr. Subtle breaks a lance with the attorney-general. As certain *dilettanti* students are in the habit of going to Dumas as an agreeable authority on the French history of the League and the Fronde, so we believe there are many of us who have learned our English law, and taken our notions of the forensic powers of Lords Abinger, Brougham, etc., from the great suit of "Doe *dem.* Titmouse, *versus* Jolter and others," and from such portraits by Warren as Subtle and Quick-silver.

George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" were written for the magazine; and with all our admiration for the extraordinary power which has ripened so wonderfully with experience and maturity, in our opinion she has scarcely surpassed them. The intuitive perception of character; the profound intelligence of the human heart, and the intense sensibility to human moods and feelings; the subdued drollery and the ready sympathy, were all naturally *rehaussé* by a freshness that must almost inevitably fade more or less. Then look at the late Lord Lytton. First comes the Caxton series, culminating in "My Novel;" and perhaps in the whole range of English literature, in its comprehensive grasp of the motley life of England, there is nothing to rival that remarkable book. The statesman and the refined man of fashion, the country gentleman, the artist, the student, and the practical philosopher, have embodied all their multifarious experiences in it. Seldom has there been so striking a group of more noble portraits, so set off by their surroundings or more graphically reproduced. If anything, Bulwer was in the habit of going to extremes in idealizing the characters he held up for admiration; and the loftiest of them were stately almost to formality, in their habits of thought as in their forms of speech. But in days when we fear humanity tends to degenerate, that was the safe side to err upon; and we can never take up one of Bulwer's late novels without rising a better and a wiser man for the reading of it; while such manly or exalted conceptions as Squire Hazeldean and Egerton, Lord L'Estrange, Riccabocca, and Parson Dale,

were thrown into higher relief by the knowledge displayed of the shady side of our nature in such finished scoundrels as Randal and Peschiera and Baron Levy. And it is to be remarked that "The Caxtons," with its successors, were conceived in an entirely novel style by a writer who stands almost alone for the varied originality of his resources. They rank now incontestably as the first of his fictions; and we may take some credit for having given them to our readers on their merits, when we might have been tempted to give them a sensational introduction, with all the advantages of the author's name. In his essays of the Caxtoniana set were embodied the teachings of a most practical familiarity with life, by a man of the world who had a supreme contempt for all that was false, base, and ignoble. Gay young men about town, would-be aspirants to fashionable notoriety, who laughed at the morality of recluses and held lectures from the pulpit in horror, might be content to profit by the high-minded teachings that were replete with wit and worldly wisdom. It is a melancholy satisfaction that our connection with Lord Lytton was being drawn closer year after year, till his death cut short that last of his novels which had excited so much critical curiosity. It was a proof the more of his inexhaustible versatility, that in bringing out his "Parisians," he was still able to shelter himself to a great extent under the mask of the anonymous. We do not say, that when the secret was made public, there were not suggestive touches that might have betrayed the authorship. But it is almost unprecedented that so thoughtful and prolific a writer should have retained his inventive variety, as well as the vigor of his execution, entirely unimpaired to the last.

Talking of prolific novelists and such pregnant essays as the "Caxtoniana," reminds us of another valued and lamented friend. For many a year "Cornelius O'Dowd" was one of the mainstays of the magazine. For many a year, in unstinted profusion, he lavished those manifold literary gifts that, with him as with Lord Lytton, appeared practically inexhaustible. Time had toned down the rollicking joviality of the author of "Charles O'Malley" and the scapegrace heroes of the mess. But the mirthful humor flowed freely as ever, and the intuitive knowledge of life had deepened and widened. Like other distinguished literary men, Lever had consented to banish himself in the consular service. Possibly, the seclusion of exile was not unfavorable to his unflagging

powers of production. At least he was less exposed to those social seductions which must have proved a snare at home to one who was so great a favorite of society. It is certain that Lever to the last would always answer to the call; and that he could be safely counted upon at the shortest notice for a story that would show slight traces of haste. While the distance from which he looked on seemed to tend to give breadth and quickness to his political vision without dimming the penetrating sagacity of his insight, there was no lighter or more lively pen than that of the work-worn veteran. He had always much of the French *verve* and *esprit*, and he lost far less than he gained by living with men more than with blue-books and daily newspapers. Seldom has any one had a more happy faculty of treating the gravest questions with a playful earnestness which compelled attention, while it carried his readers along with him; of mingling wit and drollery with sound sense and satire, and making ridicule and good-humored *badinage* do the work of irritating invective. He had learned to know, like the great Swedish statesman, with how little wisdom the world may be governed; and having ceased to be scandalized by the blunders he exposed, he treated them with the benevolent tolerance of resignation.

By a not unnatural chain of associations, we are carried back from Lever to another of our contributors, who translated the adventures of sensational fiction into action. George Ruxton's adventures were even more romantic and spirit-stirring than those of "Con Cregan," the Irish "Gil Blas." There have been few more extraordinary men—no more daring explorer; and had his career not been cut prematurely short, England would have heard a great deal more of him. With winning manners and highly cultivated tastes, Ruxton had a passion for the existence of the primitive savage; toil and hardship were positive enjoyment to him; and he was never happier than when he had taken his life in his hand, with the chance of having his "hair lifted" at any moment. His self-reliance was indomitable; his spirits rose in his own society, away among the wolves and the *coyotes* of the wilderness; and yet he could make himself so much at home among the trappers and the mountain-men, that those rude specimens of half-savage society had learned to look on him as one of themselves. Born hunter and vagabond as he seemed, he wrote with a grace and easy

dramatic power which many an eminent professional *littérateur* might have envied. The "Life in the Far West," which *Blackwood* brought out in a series of articles, may still be regarded as a standard authority on countries which have changed but little, and races that, in the course of extermination, had hardly changed at all. As for the narrative of the long ride through New Mexico to the upper waters of the Divide, where, like Con Cregan, he "struck the Chihuahua trail," it is impossible not to follow it with the most intense interest. How the adventurer passed by sacked villages and jealously guarded *presidios* through a country that was raided by roving Indians—how he escaped assassination by his solitary follower—how he saved himself from snowdrifts, and starvation, and death from exposure to the bitter cold—how he ran the gauntlet of war-parties and lurking savages, and managed to forage in winter for himself and his beasts, so as to keep body and soul together,—all that is told with a vigorous simplicity which, almost incredible as the story often sounds, carries irresistible conviction of its truth. George Ruxton was among the foremost of that race of accomplished explorers, who came home from experiences of privation and peril to write books which must have been literary successes independently of their intrinsic interest.

From Indian fighting on the Mexican frontier to the Carlist wars of old Spain is an easy transition, and Ruxton and his writings remind us of Hardman. Before betaking himself to letters, which seemed his natural vocation, Hardman had tried his hand at arms, and in these he might have attained equal distinction. He came back from serving in the Spanish Legion to embody his adventures and observations in some of the most exciting stories that have ever enlivened our pages. In spite of constitutional experiments and the introduction of Liberal rule, Spain and the genuine Spanish people have changed almost as little as Mexico and the Mexicans; and in Hardman's novel, "The Student of Salamanca," we have pictures of Spanish life that might be reproduced in some *pronunciamento* of to-morrow. Nothing can be more inspiring than the exploits of the dashing Christino captain, who had been driven to choose his side by the cruelty of the Carlist partisans. Nothing more telling or more characteristic than the story of the love-affair; the Carlist attack on the house of old Herrera; the glimpses of the match at ball;

of the soldiers carousing in the *ventas*; of the gipsy shaving the poodle by the watch-fires in camp; of the *Mochuelo* and his band out "on the rampage;" of the confinement and escapes of Don Luis and Don Baltasar; of the veteran sergeant extricating himself from the ambush where all his comrades had fallen,—all these are actual photographs of incidents of partisan warfare. Hardman had not only travelled and fought in the Peninsula, but he had lived in close companionship with Cervantes and Le Sage; and in his vivid pages he has caught the very spirit of the genius of those masters of Spanish romance.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

(continued.)

"PAPA, what has become of Frank Tempest?" said Lady Jean, suddenly accosting her father in one of his visits to the ladies sitting on the heaped-up plaids and cloaks on the knock. "I thought the games would have just suited him. I hope he has not fallen headforemost into one of the 'lochans' he is so mad upon, or that a stag has not turned at bay as it has not turned since the days of 'Lord Ronald' in the ballad."

"There is the young man," said the earl, indicating a distant pair of grey shoulders thrust into the inner ring which encircled the players.

"Oh, he is here!" exclaimed Lady Jean. "Then pray send him up presently to have some luncheon, and to apologize for forgetting us."

Five minutes after, Unah, who had heard and drawn her inference from the colloquy, and from a bird's-eye view of the pertinaacious and prominent shoulders, stood very still and stared right before her. All the time she had a quick consciousness in the back of her neck, where her bag of auburn hair hung, that the close-cut hair, the well-opened blue eyes, the blunt nose, and the downy beard which she had encountered in the pass had approached and joined Lady Jean.

"What kind of behavior do you call this, Mr. Frank?" demanded Lady Jean in tones of easy intimacy.

"I don't call it anything bad, since I did

not think you could want me. I was late in arriving, and I wished to see how the beggars would get on," answered an independent voice.

"You forget we're all 'a bootless host of high-born beggars,' and that if you fast till you faint mamma will never forgive me."

"I should like to see me fainting," said the cheery voice a little languidly, as at too absurd a joke; and then, in a different and slightly aggrieved tone, "I wished to try a cast of the hammer, and they would not let me."

"I dare say not! Would you let any amateur 'cut in'—as papa says at whist—in a boat-race, or a cricket-match on the most miserable village green? We, too, have our code of rules and regulations, and our closed lists, days beforehand. No, no, Frank; you may have been reading 'The Lady of the Lake' to your profit, till you propose to be an English Douglas, who is suddenly to come across the sward and carry all before him. But remember this is not Stirling, and times are changed."

"I did not propose anything of the kind," denied the young man stoutly. "I never threw a hammer in my life, and I am not such an ass as to suppose that in these circumstances I should not have made a mess of the process; still I could have liked just to get my hand in by a first attempt. Failure in that light would have been no disgrace, you know."

"The vanity of men!" said Lady Jean abstractedly.

"But, Mr. Tempest, would you really have liked," Laura Hopkins, who knew the stranger, could not resist remonstrating gently, "to go and play among these common men?"

"There is nobody common in Fearnavoil," said Lady Jean boldly; "and don't you know, Miss Hopkins, that here we are all cousins more or less distant?"

Laura looked puzzled, and half put out. The gentleman came to her aid.

"We are all men in the cricket-field as well as in the battle-field," he said gaily; "that is the gain of playing and fighting, or at least one of the gains; and I think the defect in those games is that no man rides his own horse. I mean no squire—though I have mistaken more than one fellow for his laird—enters the breach. Why do the judges set men to do what is above or below their own doing? Oh! I say, Lady Jean"—he broke off and made an earnest request in an under tone to the young lady. His eyes had been roving about while he was speaking, and had fallen

on and recognized Unah Macdonald. He could have recognized the girlish figure and the loose rolls of auburn hair anywhere.

Unah knew it all as well as if she had seen it, though she was still standing immovable with her back to the speaker, and would not have stirred or looked round for the world. She was prepared for the next act of the little drama, though she met it with an overpowering rush of red to her face and the exceeding stiffness of mingled shyness and consciousness.

Lady Jean came round in front of Unah, followed by her ally. "Mr. Frank Tempest begs to be introduced to you, Miss Macdonald. If I understand him rightly, you have come across each other in some of the delightful adventures by flood and field, which are always befalling us happy people in the Highlands. I hope Frank saved you from wetting your boots, Unah, if he was not so fortunate as to draw you bodily out of the water."

"It was rather the other way," said Frank Tempest, accomplishing successfully a laugh against himself, "and I am afraid Miss Macdonald found me awfully cocky and ungrateful."

"She will consent to postpone your apology till you have ate your luncheon," Lady Jean interposed, in order to send him off to his neglected meal, and to deliver Unah from the ordeal which a public explanation was sure to be so sensitive and shy a girl. "Boys have even less tact than men," Lady Jean reflected when he was forced to go, in that assumption of venerable age and wisdom which is apt to beset a lively girl not long out of her teens.

But though Frank Tempest did not appease his hearty appetite and repair his supposed exhaustion by more than a long draught and a dozen morsels bolted standing, when he returned to the post Unah had occupied it was vacant. She was gone, carried off with her own will by her mother, in the earliest retreat from the gathering.

Malise Gow had been at the Ford games, not in the minister's cast clothes as a douce kirk officer, but for one day in the year in a totally different character, wearing the old proud garb in which, when a young man, he had been one of the competitors. However well preserved his tartans, and granting that they waved inspiritingly in the breeze, Malise, with his lean shanks and his wrinkled, careworn face, remained a scarecrow, only with less resemblance to a "bogle" than in his ordinary attire. But could it be wondered at

that the susceptible soul of the man, as he strutted along to the meeting-place, was influenced by his clothing—that he forgot the present in the past, and old glories, old weaknesses, took possession of him once more? If he had been wise he would have abstained from that reinvestment in the trappings of the days of his vanity. But this was an amount of magnanimity to which no son of Conn, of Malise's degree, had yet attained in Fearn-avoil.

On this anniversary of the Ford games Malise was able to restrain himself within bounds. He could not be said to escape contagion; but he took the disease, for an inflammable man, mildly. Even the members of the Kirk session, if they had come across him as he strutted and swaggered, would have made allowance for him. But Mrs. Macdonald was more unrelenting than any member of the session; she made searching investigation, and discovered that Malise had not been above suspicion, and she held justly that a man of his professions ought, like Cæsar's wife, to defy inquiry. She summoned Malise to what was to him a terrible private interview, from which he came out hanging his bald head.

"Hout, man!" said Jenny Reach, taking pity on him; "why do you go about like a whipped dog? What were the odds but that a poor old lad like you, with no body to speak of, and no greater support than a nip of oat cake and a crumb of kebbock, since you went away in too great a hurry in the morning to sup your drop porridge, would not get uplifted over a single glass of as bad whisky as ever came out of a still? For everybody knows the whisky is getting worse year after year—the more shame to the distillers."

Malise could take little solace either from Jenny's half-contemptuous commiseration or from her easy latitudinarianism. "I've not such a poor body, lass," he protested, stung by the humiliating excuse. "There's plenty of the old mettle left in me yet." And then, as his conscience smote him with the absence of any right to boast, he returned to his chronic trouble on account of Jenny's spiritual state. "I misdoubt me, Jenny," he groaned, "that you're no better than an Erastian Sadducee."

"I ken nothing about your Erastian," retorted Jenny; "and as to your Sadducee, would you rather have me a Pharisee?—was there much to choose between them? Eh, but it was like the Pharisee not to keep a civil word on his tongue for the friend that was seeking to cheer him."

Malise needed a long day alone with his master among the hills to recover his equanimity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KETTLE OF FISH.

THE Kettle of Fish was a local name given to a picnic in the Bride's Pass. The origin of the name lay in the fact that a salmon fresh caught from the river or one of the lochs which served as its feeders, boiled or grilled over a gipsy fire on the spot, always played a prominent part at the company's meal. They were right; Gunter might have provided an infinitely superior breakfast for the aristocratic Cockneydom of Richmond. Gunter could have furnished lobster sauce *ad libitum*, but it would not have been to such a salmon; Gunter himself must have succumbed in despair before the superiority of the noble fish, cold drawn from its native waters, and cooked at the moment of perfection.

Lady Moydart's picnic was held, if possible, the day after the Ford games. It was not quite so open and wide a festivity as that on the knock, and her ladyship herself presided over it, which, seeing that she was lazy as well as good-natured, and had a southernish fear of the climate, was an amiable condescension.

But all the responsibility and fatigue of the entertainment were taken willingly by Lady Jean, and, to Laura Hopkins's bewilderment, it was very real responsibility and fatigue. Lady Jean was not a person who would shirk her duty or turn it over to servants. To her a gipsy meal meant what it said — a refectory in which she was to play the part of a gipsy. To be sure she yielded so far that the fare should be more extensive and varied than soup *à la* Meg Merrilies, while it did not include a roast hedgehog. In fact, it was brought for the most part from Castle Moydart.

But when the materials had arrived on the ground, Lady Jean would have no more extraneous help or mockery of camping out; she and her friends among the young people present must gather the sticks, kindle the fire, roast the potatoes, and boil the salmon, as well as lay the cloth — making it fast by a large stone at each corner — and set out the viands. As for the servants, they grinned or looked imperturbable, according to the amount of their training, waiting in compulsory idleness till a hitch or a grand *contretemps* in the programme should call for their prompt, successful interference. The elders of the party, whose years exempted them from

toil, were the only other persons present to whom Lady Jean was inclined to grant permission to sit still and be served.

She herself had ridden over, prepared for work, in a riding-habit which could receive no injury. When Laura Hopkins came on the scene, in one of those chintzes warranted to wash, yet which were of such delicate beauty that any woman — not a washerwoman — might have grudged their exposure to soap and water, Lady Jean's first words were, "My dear child! what are you thinking of? How are you to pick up sticks and beat up eggs in such a dress? We are to make a fire, and we are to have custards as well as a salad. Unah Macdonald's white gown is nothing. She might walk into the Fearn and come out again, without receiving any lasting harm, and I don't think she would mind doing it if it were not for the risk of drowning. But your old Chelsea blues and buffs, apple-greens and cherry colors — why, I guard mine more tenderly than any old point I ever possessed — and lace is the next thing I care for. I wore my chintz yesterday; but it was looped up, and my water-proof was at hand. Now you may thank me that I have had the foresight to bring a few aprons." And Lady Jean rummaged briskly in her special basket, and produced in triumph, not an amateur apron composed of muslin and bows of ribands, fit to be worn at a fancy fair, but an uncompromising article made of linen, long and wide, and tied with tape strings round the waist. Lady Jean contemplated it with strong approval. "It is a thing fit to be called an apron, one of the scullery maid's real aprons, which she has been good enough to lend me. Put it on instantly" — she charged Laura in a tone that admitted of no question — "and do not let me have the destruction of your chintz lie at my door. If I could have guessed that you would have been so shockingly foolish and wasteful, I should have warned you in time. I have more aprons for those who wish them. I have even borrowed one from the pantry-boy for Frank Tempest, since he pretends that he can get up genuine "damper," after the example of a man from Australia, who was in his college, and who used to go fishing and pitching tents with him by the banks of the Thames and the Severn, when the two might have had a choice of rustic inns."

It was no pleasure for Laura to find herself metamorphosed by being enveloped in that hideous apron; neither could she imagine any enjoyment in poking about

collecting sticks and setting them to burn by the aid of lucifers, since Lady Jean was sufficiently reasonable to consider the dampness of the climate, and not insist on the feat of striking a light with flints. The thick, bluish-grey smoke which the bunglers raised, and in which Lady Jean revelled, was bad enough, without their being forced to bring fire from stones before they had the most distant prospect of eating.

Though Laura Hopkins had been accustomed to consider that connoisseurship in cooking, and even a certain amount of gourmandism, was required of a girl in her position, to propose to do cooking in the lowest details, with regard to which she had never dreamt of being anything save profoundly ignorant, and to do it with her own white, scrupulously cared-for hands, proved a shock to Laura's nerves. When she and her sisters had attended picnics among their own set, the pride of the whole party had lain in having everything done for them by their staff of much exercised servants in a style as near perfection as what was required in their fathers' well-appointed houses. All the difference arose from the circumstance that the pleasure-seekers ate whatever was in season, and still more, whatever was extravagantly out of season in lamb and strawberries, out of doors instead of in sumptuous dining-rooms. But here in Fearnavoi, Lady Jean was lifting up raw potatoes with hands not always gloved, and Mr. Tempest was going to knead dough like any baker.

At the same time Laura could not protest—since this might be the aristocratic mode of conducting a picnic. She had not only to feel very uncomfortable and half miserable in a servant's horrid apron, she had to keep out of her mother's sight, lest Mrs. Hopkins should raise an indignant outcry at what was Lady Jean's doing.

Unah Macdonald was as efficient as Laura Hopkins was helpless. Lady Jean had judged correctly that Unah did not care nearly so much as she should have done, through what straits the white gown passed. Soon it was gathered together, out of the way, in a more wisp-like fashion than the wearer's hair, as well as adorned with sundry smears of all colors.

Jenny Reach would have laughed to scorn any ability of Unah to act as her coadjutor; nevertheless the girl, in accompanying her father and mother in their cottage "visitations," had not only nursed every baby she could get her hands upon,

she had done what she could to help the sick and aged men and women in their housekeeping. Her mother, who guarded Unah so jealously, had never interfered with the girl's attempts at usefulness. She could kindle a fire, she could fetch water from such a spout well as that with which she was well acquainted in the Bride's Pass. She could boil or roast potatoes, roll out or toast cakes, skim milk—nay, if need were, she could have churned butter before she made it up into pats.

Unah was thoroughly happy, and forgot her shamefacedness in such avocations. To her even the assumption of them was the glory of a picnic. While she ran about acting as Lady Jean's most valuable *aide*, Donald Drumchatt strolled after her, admiring her expertness, helping her when she would allow him, protesting laughingly against her prohibitions even while he yielded to them with good grace—he was so accustomed to being made much of and taken care of—as when she declined to let him wet his boots to procure water-cresses, or overheat himself by climbing the bank as far as she went in search of late wild strawberries, and early blackberries.

Frank Tempest, who had basely broken his pledge of furnishing *bona-fide* damper to the feast, after greeting Unah from a distance early in the day, was continually loitering hankeringly in the vicinity of the couple, not yet knowing—to do him justice—that he was invading the privacy of declared lovers. They were a youthful-looking pair, she especially appeared the most girlish figure on the ground; and he was very much of a boy himself, without being one of those precocious boys who aspire to the friendship of women older than themselves. He longed for the two to take him into their fellowship.

At last Donald Drumchatt noticed the young English fellow's inclination, was flattered by it, and invited him to make a third in the group. Donald, at this time, was destitute of any prejudice of exclusiveness with regard to the enjoyment of Unah's company. He was free from the lover's desire to monopolize her society or her attractions. He had been introduced to Frank Tempest at the Ford games, and had treated him with the courtesy and dash of affability of the man who was the host and master of the ground, and so accountable for the stranger's feeling at home. Donald was not vexed when he discovered that Unah had known something of Frank Tempest before, and had

not told him of it. The young laird did not draw an unfavorable inference from his mistress's reticence, or experience a spark of jealousy because of it. Secure as he was in his lairdship of Drumchatt, and his importance and preciousness to Unah Macdonald still more than to the rest of the inhabitants of Fearnavoil, it would require great provocation to render him suspicious of her entire devotion to him. There was this good in his self-satisfaction that it brought no evil where his relations to others were concerned. Donald might be an absolute monarch, but he was not carping and exacting in his sovereignty. He was ready to admit Frank Tempest, with the greatest good-humor and without a doubt, into the privileged association with Unah this day. He was willing not only to admit, but to welcome him. For Donald in his independence and fidelity to Fearnavoil still craved, on occasions, intercourse with the world without, when it was brought to his doors, by young men of his own rank. And he was proud with a Highlander's unreasoning pride of the homage which the young men paid to the country, *par excellence*, by making it the favorite haunt of their leisure, the field of those sports in which poor Donald could rarely join, but for which he could grant permission and afford facility with a power which was a little consolation for his enforced inaction.

Frank Tempest accepted, as cordially as it was offered, the friendly overture to join the two, who were straying about like brother and sister in a place which half belonged to them, and in point of fact the pass was partly the property of Donald, partly of Lord Moydart. Unah showed a little contradictory reluctance to fraternize freely with a comparative stranger; but the task of purveying for the wants of the company, like work in common, broke down all barriers more effectually and speedily than weeks of ceremonious intercourse in other circumstances could have effected.

The young people — certainly the youngest at the picnic, for Lady Jean had been out for several seasons and was decidedly older in mind than in years, and Laura Hopkins as old as Donald, the senior of the trio — grew fast friends over their joint efforts, especially over a cracked jug which somebody had given Unah because she could find the well most easily, and with which she was to bring a final supplement of water to what might be termed by courtesy the festal board. Frank Tempest insisted on carrying the jug for her, but

carry it as he might, it never contained more than a few drops when he arrived at his destination, while his person in the course of repeated progresses to and fro acquired the refreshingly dripping appearance of a cabman without his oil cloth in rainy weather.

Frank shook off the drops as though he had been a spaniel to the manner born. He was ready to go as many more times to the well with the impracticable jug, as Unah in consternation at the deficiency of the means to the end, and Donald Drumchatt, shrugging his shoulders and enjoying the joke — dry so far as he was concerned — would bear him company.

"Did you ever see an old engraving called the 'Broken Pitcher;' ain't it an interesting example of a pathetic subject?" called Frank, and the other two were young and light-hearted enough to laugh at the small piece of wit. "No," said Frank, correcting himself. "I have it now. We are getting up *tableaux vivants* to lighten our labors, and it is an incident in the 'Arabian Nights,' or it is a version of the trial of Sisyphus. How can you be so cruel a taskmistress, Miss Macdonald?"

"It is a bit of an old Scotch fairy-tale. Don't you remember it, Donald?" said Unah. "It is the Scotch Cinderella who was condemned to do all the hard dirty work of the house, while her haughty, selfish sisters sat in fine clothes entertaining gay visitors. She was forced to carry water from the well in a pitcher with holes in the bottom, and when her heart was about to fail her, there came the friendly fairy bidding her —

Stap it wi' fug and clag it wi' clay,
And then you'll carry the water away.

"But I am not a little girl, worse luck to me, and the clay is the only part of the charm I comprehend," said Frank; "but never mind, my heart has not begun to fail me yet."

When there was a breathing-space — just before the salmon and the potatoes were boiled and roasted to a wish — while everything else was arranged, the three new friends still kept together among the groups that hovered in the vicinity, and who began to look about them and praise with hackneyed praises the grandeur and the beauty of the Bride's Pass, and to congratulate themselves on the weather, which, though it was Lammas, did not threaten an impartial shower-bath or propose to drive the whole company precipitately to the carriages.

Then Frank Tempest found, to his wonder and unqualified admiration, that Unah Macdonald, still more than the young laird of Drumchatt, knew not only every mountain and corrie but every tree and flower, bird and insect. She spoke in her girlish way like King Solomon when he would discourse, doubtless of Libanus and Hermon, no less than of the cedar and the hyssop, and of every animal great and small. Frank could never have imagined a girl with such knowledge, and it alone would have raised her to the dignity of a queen in his estimation. For no other knowledge was so intensely captivating to the lad, who in spite of his passion for sport and for all open-air life, had not been country bred, and had only vague and superficial information in comparison. Frank Tempest had been the son of a barrister high in his profession, whose practice and inclination alike rendered him a resident for most of the year in London; and though he had taken care to give his boy the advantage of a great public school education, Frank's passion for the world of nature had yet retained in it a good deal of the tantalized hunger which was never satisfied. Now as he strolled with Unah and the delicate fellow to whom she was so kind, but who could not in his own strength have made many discoveries worth recording, he heard her identify a water ouzel, and call their attention to the lowliest patch of brilliantly faded, delicately-cut leaves that ever braided a stone.

"It is only common cranesbill," she said half apologetically, "but I don't think there is anything equal to it except the faded leaves of the silver-weed, which luckily is as common a little thing; of course I am only speaking of little things, not of the heather on the hillsides, or a blaze of broom against a dark fir wood. But, Donald, if Mr. Tempest likes this blood-red, should he not see the gean-trees and the rowan berries in autumn and the first oak shoots in spring?" She was speaking eagerly now, and as she spoke she stooped and plucked some spikes of what Frank, leaping at a conclusion, took to be heather.

"Is not that very blue heather?" he suggested briskly.

"It is not heather," she answered, but, without ridicule of his ignorance, with a certain gracious forbearance; "it is only liverwort. This is the blue kind. There are lilac and white varieties which I will find for you if I can." She was not patronizing him, but she guessed by intuition his craving after her field learning, and

she was as guilelessly ready to help him as Wordsworth's Highland girl could have been.

He hung his head a little under a sense of his inferiority, shameful as he felt it in a man and a sportsman. He blurted out, since he was not already cured of his propensity to feel mortified and take offence, something about English botany, though he knew or ought to have known that he had often seen liverwort on English heaths. Then he took his stand on briony, happening to have heard that it did not flourish in Scotch hedgerows. "I believe you have no briony here," he said with a defiant air, for which the next moment he was rebuked, since he had the grace to be sensible of an unconscious rebuke.

For she was converted into a humble learner at the word. "No," she answered regretfully, "and I have often read of it and should like so much to see it. Are the berries so much larger and finer than our rowan berries?"

It was Donald who was slightly annoyed at any berries being supposed to be finer than those of Fearnavoil, and at Unah's being made to appear at fault in her own province. "Miss Macdonald is an authority on all the native fauna and flora," he said with sudden pomposity; "even her father, the minister of the parish, asks her advice on difficult points. Isn't that true, Unah?" he ended more naturally.

"Oh, Donald, you are speaking nonsense," protested Unah with an access of modesty, and then she proceeded involuntarily to exalt her own ideal of a naturalist. "My father is not often puzzled either by leaf or feather; if he were he would certainly seek a worthier guide."

"How I should like to know your father!" sighed Frank Tempest with perfect single-heartedness. "I suppose it is presumption to expect that he would bestow his acquaintance on a fellow like me, though I were to attend the kirk ever so regularly, and listen all through his sermons?"

"To bribe my father for your own profit!" said Unah, shaking her clerical young head, and then stopping short in horror at the notion of beginning to lecture a stranger as she sometimes lectured Donald.

"Come and dine with me at Drumchatt, and I'll ask my cousin, Mr. Macdonald, to meet you, since he is too busy and reverent a man to be found at picnics," suggested Donald, still with the suspicion of affability to be expected in a young man who could claim a Drumchatt, give dinners,

and promise a cousin, a beneficed clergyman, to take the other end of the table and say grace.

Before Frank Tempest could do more than express his gratitude, the stragglers were summoned to lunch.

Lady Jean now yielded precedence to her father and mother, who looked to the servants for all manner of subsidies to the salmon and potatoes; but everybody allowed that the last were unapproachable, while they glanced round in vain, till they attracted the attention of some regular attendant, for salt or vinegar or bread; and Lord Moydart betrayed at the last moment that if it had not been for him the wine would never have been "drowned" in that convenient eddy of the Fearn unknown to the wisest gipsy who ever frequented the pass.

Still Lady Jean said that a load was lifted off her mind, and that now she was ready to be refreshed and amused by any grateful soul who would undertake the office.

Lord Moydart gave toasts in Gaelic, and volunteered to lead off the drinking of them in Highland style till Benvoil and the Tuaidh rang with the three times three, and hawks, if not eagles, were driven from their eyries.

Lady Moydart bore it all without doing more than putting her hands over her ears. She was installed on the most comfortable cushion, having a foundation of moss well built round by other cushions, and plaids without number. She was supported on the one hand by Mrs. Hopkins, and on the other by Mrs. Macdonald. The one talked to her, the other looked at her. Upon the whole the countess preferred the latter. True, Mrs. Hopkins was a woman of no breeding, but she knew her place, and when she did betray an unfathomable depth of ignorance or misapprehension she was amusing. The woman of some breeding, who had no more to back it than a lairdship so infinitesimal that it was swallowed up in a Highland manse, was not really rated so high by the great lady, though fortunately Mrs. Macdonald, in spite of her cleverness, was too prepossessed with a different conviction of her claims, to measure the degree in which she was esteemed in this instance. Lady Moydart knew nothing and cared less for those old alliances of Stewarts and Macdonalds on which the earl and Lady Jean set some store. Born aristocrat, as my lady was, her pride was yet no mate for Mrs. Macdonald's. Lady Moydart was a woman of no imagination. Under her social impor-

tance she saw things very nearly as they were, and valued them almost as much for their money's worth as did Mr. Hopkins up at the Fearn. But withal she was too easy-tempered and indolent to go out of her way to contradict Lord Moydart or Lady Jean, especially in the Highlands, which formed their territory. She would even indulge their whims when it did not cost her too great a sacrifice, as in this presiding over the Kettle of Fish in the Bride's Pass, that she might be at liberty to exercise the greater influence when she was back in her own England. She did not trouble herself to say a great deal, but she smiled not too superciliously on all alike, only she did prefer good, quiet Mrs. Hopkins to prosing, pretentious Mrs. Macdonald.

The luncheon had been laid out in a bend of the pass, under the shelter of an overhanging and striking mass of rock — from whose hoary clefts sprang slender birch-trees — and which hung threateningly over the level piece of ground beneath. But the mass had remained suspended there ever since man had chronicled it, and it was viewed with well-warranted dependence on its stability. It was a prominent feature among the still huger landmarks around — too distinct and individual a rock not to have a story attached to it, in a land which bore a greater crop of legend than of any description of grain or roots. Somebody alluded to the particular legend in the after-dinner hour of the picnic. There were more strangers present than Frank Tempest to whom the tale was new; one of them desired to hear the details, which a certain bluff Sir Duncan prepared to supply. Lord Moydart questioned the first part of Sir Duncan's narrative, and referred to Donald Drumchatt. "It was your ancestor who was the offender, Drumchatt; you ought to know the true account."

Donald did know the tradition by heart, and if he had not known it Unah Macdonald was at his elbow to prompt him. "You are both wrong," he said complacently. "Evan Macdonald did not come down the face of the rock, he got into the pass by the Beal-nam-bo. He was supposed to be in another part of the country, you know, and Macgregor had stolen a march upon him with the marriage, but tidings had reached my ancestor in time. He was accompanied by a tail of stout fellows, and Macgregor too had taken the precaution to double the wedding-train. He and Fionaghal Macdonald, his bride, had met at St. Mairi, where the knot was

tied. The husband was bringing home his newly-made wife in triumph. They had just reached this rock, which was known as Craig Crottach in those days, because a poor humpbacked wretch had once fled from his kind, built a hut in the hollow and occupied it, calling upon the hills to fall upon him and bury the deformity which separated him from his fellows. But it has been called the Rock of the Challenge ever since old Drumchatt summoned the enemy, who had won his Fionaghal, to stop and answer to him for the deed. The Seannachie, who saw it all, says the *miri-cath*, the fury of battle, came on the people, the wedding guests as well as the intruders, and they fell on each other after the first word and did not spare. Not a man left the pass alive and unwounded. Fionaghal was a widow the same day that she became a wife, and she handed down her bridal state and tragic story as a legacy to the pass in its name forever."

Donald was at his best when he repeated one of the stories of his house. Withal there was a pathetic enough anticlimax in it, as it came with befitting spirit from the lips of the young man with the girl's complexion, the hollow chest, and the long, thin hands.

The talk became general on the different versions of the encounter, but Frank Tempest, who was sitting on the other side of Donald, looked bewildered.

"What are you talking of?" he asked doubtfully. "Are you chaffing us? When did this bloodthirsty affair happen?"

"Neither to-day, nor yesterday," said Donald laughing. "But I am afraid it is too well authenticated for my forefathers to set up a claim to magnanimity. The date is not earlier than Anne's reign, I believe, somewhere about the time of the union."

"The days of Pope and Bolingbroke, and highly polished English literature," exclaimed Frank.

Donald regarded the irresistible comparison in the light of a compliment. "Yes, indeed," he said, "we were utter savages even so lately. There are traces of the feud among us yet which corroborate the facts I have been repeating. Why, you are lodging with the lineal descendant of Gillies Macgregor," referring to Frank, in his rage for liberty, making his headquarters at the Ford Inn, and not among his friends at Castle Moydart. "Gillies Macgregor's people have come down in the world, but no one in the country questions their gentle descent. Macgregor, your

landlord, is very canny, and suits himself to his business; but he has two brothers, lounging fellows—you must have seen them hanging about—who though they have descended to being head-boatmen and head-ghillies to the guests at the inn, would not soil their fingers by any other trade. And I can tell you the Macgregors, excepting the innkeeper, who minds his profits, bear a grudge against us Macdonalds to this day. All the force that can be put on them is required to prevent the bad blood coming out at trysts and harvest-homes."

The episode of wild passion owning no law, sounded as if it belonged to the annals of another world, fiercer, more vivid in its simplicity.

Already Donald and Unah, happy as children in the opportunity, had been enlightening Frank Tempest on many of the customs in which the Highlands differed from the Lowlands. They had explained to him that drinking a toast with Highland honors, which was a simple enough matter there on the green sward, when celebrated by men seated under a roof, round a table, meant each man's springing on his chair, placing one foot—if it were a boot with freuchans (shod with nails), all the better—on the mahogany; the carousers waving their glasses above their heads and shouting like madmen till the rafters rang.

The enthusiastic chroniclers described the singing of Gaelic songs, accompanied by the rhythmic movement in which women gently waved their aprons, or a whole company stood holding each a bit of a handkerchief extended between them, and shook it in time to the measure.

Donald and Unah went on to cram Frank Tempest with questions of tartans and badges. The joint historians laid before the highly favored Frank that pretty old puzzle in which the Jacobites described the Stewart tartan under the figure of a moor-hen,—

My bonnie moor-hen has feathers eneuch,
She's a' fine colors, but nane o' them blue;
She's red and she's white, she's green and
she's grey;
My bonnie moor-hen, come hither away.

As to badges, the Macdonalds' was the bell-heather, while the Moydart Stewarts' was the oak. Lady Jean wore oak-leaves and acorns on all occasions; she had a bunch in the breast of her riding-habit at this moment. It was only the royal Stewarts who were privileged to assume the thistle.

Wherever you met Camerons you were sure to find an Evan; if it were Mackays there would be a Hugh; if it were Macleans a Hector; if it were Gordons, strange to say, a Cosmo.

After the two unpremeditated conspirators had stuffed the English lad's head, not yet steady on his shoulders, with the jumble of slightly stagey, undeniably picturesque accessories, they came down upon him, stirring his young blood and causing his nerves to tingle, with the wild tale of the place. It had for its commentary the gloomy scowl of Benvoil already passing into shadow, where it reared its high head far in the rarefied blue air above them, and looked obdurate and grim even in the warmth of the summer weather, with the syren song of the cool Fearn bickering among the alders at their feet. Seeing the effect they produced, like relentless persecutors, Donald and Unah continued to fool the lad to the top of his and their bent. They plied him with still wilder and wilder stories. They spoke to him of the Stone of Slaughter and the Tarn of the Corpses. They introduced him to the piteous woes of Fair Janet. Then coming down with a bound to comparatively modern incidents, still not altogether unworthy of what had gone before them, they clinched their performances by setting forth in plain words, becoming an eighteenth century record, the edifying end of stout Keppoch at Cul-loden.

Frank Tempest's head was turned. He had begun by yielding to Unah's wonderful knowledge, extending, as she had said of her father's attainments, to every leaf and feather which he longed to know. Everything else about her was too much for him, from the look of the girl in her girlish simplicity — the soft pale face lit up as by the soul within — to the perfect unconsciousness which lurked in the very carelessness that made nothing of the wealth of hair of the hue of red gold or some glorious vintage of southern wine — to the thoughts and dreams which dwelt in the dusky gray eyes. To cap all, he was taken off his guard, and made a willing captive to those romances of the Gaelic "*Morte d'Arthur*" and "*Niebelungen-lied*" poured out upon him at once, and without stint. He felt as if he were on enchanted ground, as if he were himself bewitched and should not for many a day recover his identity — his honest, slightly hectoring, "no humbug" identity, which was that of an emancipated schoolboy and raw student. It was an individuality not only thoroughly manly and generous, but under its ostentatious show

of prosaicism, dangerously imaginative in its own way.

That conversation bore fruits with a vengeance. But there was another conversation which took place at Lady Moydart's Kettle of Fish in the Bride's Pass which was also destined to play a prominent part in the fortunes of some of the company present.

Unah had been led to get the better of her shyness with Frank Tempest; the awkwardness of their introduction to each other was forgotten. The priority of their acquaintance was now altogether in his favor; so was his youth. Unah had her own views of youth; she looked upon it as a phase of insignificance which reduced Frank Tempest to her level, and helped her, after an untoward obstacle had ceased to exist, to be at ease with him. The equality of their years made their association, even without Donald Drumchatt's presence, the most natural arrangement in the world. She had no idea of danger in the association; neither had she learned, in spite of what she knew of Donald's position, to calculate that the youth of some men may render them of more importance than the mature years of others.

Lady Jean and Laura Hopkins had another definition of youth. Sitting opposite to Unah and Frank Tempest, the two girls, better instructed, farther advanced in knowledge of the world, made their own comments on the sudden growth of intimacy between the daughter of the manse and the young Englishman.

Lady Jean speculated whether Unah Macdonald could be so single-hearted a girl as she — Lady Jean — had always believed her. Whether if a great bait were offered her, Unah might not open and display qualities equal to the occasion, by throwing over poor Drumchatt, and making a desperate effort to win Frank Tempest, who in his green youth was evidently smitten by the wild Highland girl.

Laura Hopkins, freed from the incubus of the scullery-maid's apron, began to sigh anew and feel more disposed to pout than her amiable temper generally inclined her to do. Was this unformed chit of a minister's daughter, in her old-fashioned, ill-used white gown, to monopolize everybody and everything? She had already secured Drumchatt, and perhaps she had some right to him; but was she to go on, and by the mere perversity of human nature, attract Mr. Tempest, an Englishman, so perfectly gentlemanlike a young fellow, who was like one of the family at Castle Moydart?

Poor Laura in her ultra cultivation had still, as has been said, the housemaid's necessity for a fresh young man in her suite, to match with every fresh situation, whether the young man's homage were earnest or frivolous. She had the essential vulgarity of failing to comprehend the most casual alliance between a young man and a young woman, which had not real or pretended love-making for its basis. Indeed, both the Hopkinses—mother and daughter alike—were impressed with the conviction that idle love-making was the most agreeable recreation, as love-making with a serious intent ought to be the most profitable business, of a girl's life.

No doubt there were other eligibles that day in the Bride's Pass, and some of them were not disinclined to make themselves agreeable to the pretty superfine daughter of the soft-goods man, who could give her a share of the tin. But Frank Tempest was English, he was one of the Castle Moydart set, he was handsome and winning, and Laura was a little disposed to set her simple heart on him.

"I think Frank Tempest has lost his heart to the Highlands," said Lady Jean with a little emphasis. She was quite impartial herself, but in her outspoken, careless way she was not averse to teasing that goose, Laura Hopkins; and neither did Lady Jean mind much that Mrs. Macdonald, in her seat by Lady Moydart, was within hearing of the girls' conversation.

"Frank Tempest is a nice boy," Lady Jean pursued the conversation with her grandmother air; "nice-looking too, isn't he? Though for my part I don't care for boys, I like a man I can reverence"—reverence being the quality of which Lady Jean was most destitute—"but he is all the more a charge to us. Mr. Frank is somebody, and so it becomes of consequence that his devices don't lead him into mischief."

"I thought," said Laura, with a faint deprecation, "that his father was only a barrister, and that he did not leave his son more than sixty thousand pounds" ("a beggarly sixty thousand," she had heard her father sum it up slightly at the Frean).

"Your information is correct, Laura," said Lady Jean with a smile; "the late justice did not care so much for money as for reputation in his profession. He was one of the Tempests of Oakhampton, and they say he aimed at the woolstack—not that he was so silly as to undervalue money—and we poor people call sixty thousand pounds a very fair fortune. Just

think of sixty thousand pounds made, not out of solid material, mind you, like iron or sugar—the last is solid in my sense—but of good legal advice, the judicious breath of a man's mouth! I am rather proud of the lord chief justice, though he was no relation of ours, only he married Lady Charlotte Delavel, mamma's dearest friend. But it is not through the justice that Frank has his title to be a delusion and a snare, a burden and a worry, silly fellow! sitting there drinking in for the first time the charms of Highland scenery and life, and of Unah Macdonald, who belongs to them, as if he did not cost any mortal a thought or a care."

Lady Jean was running on without any particular motive, when, as ill luck would have it, she became conscious that Mrs. Macdonald, in a pause of the conversation with Lady Moydart, which the minister's wife kept up with so little trouble to the countess, was becoming weary of her ill-required task. In spite of her strong will and indomitable pride, a perception of Lady Moydart's yawning indifference and slighting consideration of her had penetrated Mrs. Macdonald's mind. She would not allow herself to give entire credence to such utter stupidity and mercenariness on the part of a woman of Lady Moydart's rank. Mrs. Macdonald struggled violently and with some success against the evidence of her senses. She was accustomed to blind herself. She had trained herself to gag her reason, and in some degree her moral sense also. Still she was glad to afford her ruffled feelings a little distraction by turning suavely to attend to Lady Jean's talk. She listened quite openly, but she stiffened as she listened.

Lady Jean bore no malice against Mrs. Macdonald. She was quite sincere in paying some heed to Mrs. Macdonald's gentle birth and breeding, and in holding her in far higher appreciation than the countess held the minister's ambitious wife. The earl's daughter had a real liking for Unah Macdonald. But beyond the inclination to amaze and entrance Laura, and fill that susceptible young lady with vain longings, some wicked impulse—the presence of which at the picnic ought to have announced itself to Mrs. Macdonald by the pricking of her thumbs—took possession of the idle girl, and prompted her, at the very moment when the minister's wife was wincing in the half-confessed consciousness of undeserved mortification, to expatiate on certain unsuspected points in Frank Tempest's history and prospects. "Don't you know,

Laura, what Debrett has taken care not to leave a secret — but you are too sensible a girl to make a second Bible out of the peerage, even out of Sir Bernard Burke, who does sometimes read like a delightful fairy-tale or Highland legend — that Lady Charlotte Tempest was the only Delaval of the last generation who left an heir, and that the southern Delavals are the representatives of the old Dukes of Wiltshire?

Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale.

In the future, yes. Frank comes in for all the great Wiltshire estates, which are now held by his uncle in right of his wife, Lady Charlotte's elder sister. Frank has no claim either to his grandfather's earldom or to his great-great-grandfather's dukedom, neither of which goes by heirs female, the more's the pity; but I dare say, as the heir is so goodly in every respect, one or both may be revived. Only think of Frank's having the strawberry leaves to bestow — and the remotest chance of his throwing them away! Oh, I can assure you he is a great charge — a positive affliction to mamma and me. But all his own people — his father and mother I mean — are dead, and we are fond of the wild boy." Lady Jean was talking very much at random, but there was sufficient foundation for the extravagant statements which were causing Laura Hopkins to open wide her round black eyes, and compress her rosebud of a mouth.

Mrs. Macdonald guessed the truth, and she glanced at Frank Tempest bending over her daughter, and hanging breathless on every word Unah said — the very *tableau* which had provoked Lady Jean's explanations. Mrs. Macdonald's gaze took it all in, at the same moment that she confessed bitterly to herself she was writhing under Lady Moydart's insolent neglect. Then Mrs. Macdonald's dark eyes flashed, her grey ringlets quivered for an instant, and her heart began to beat violently, while her whole bearing stiffened indefinitely.

From Temple Bar.

WILLIAM ETTY.

WILLIAM ETTY is the only master of the English school who has made flesh-painting his especial study. Others, of course, have painted the nude from time to time, and occasionally with even greater

skill, but none have ever made it, like Etty, the sole object of their devotion.

It was a strange choice for a quiet English artist, who, moving in a strictly conventional and domestic sphere, received none of those impulses which wrought upon the Venetian painters of the sixteenth century and produced that gorgeous sunset of art which we know as the Venetian school. For subtle beauty of color Etty's paintings cannot, it is true, be compared for a moment with those of the great masters of Venice, but he, like them, felt the attractive power of the human body, and made it the central motive of his art. At first, indeed, he tells us, he was somewhat drawn towards landscape: "The sky was so beautiful and the effects of light and cloud," but very soon finding "that all the great painters of antiquity had become thus great through painting great actions, and the human form, I resolved," he says, "to paint nothing else," and seeing, moreover, "God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting — not the draper's or milliner's work — but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done."

The painter with these tastes more fitting the character of a Titian or Paris Bordone than a simple-minded cheery old bachelor in the nineteenth century, was born on March 10, 1787, in the ancient city of York, before that city had submitted to modern improvements, and while its magnificent minster was not yet marred by restoration. But although born, as it were, under the shadow of the great minster, a building for which he retained the deepest affection all his life, the immediate surroundings of Etty's birth were prosaic enough.

His father was a miller and gingerbread-maker, and kept a small shop in a street in York, called the Feasegate, which was managed by his mother, a notable woman of business, although she held a somewhat higher family position than her husband, and had received a better education. William was the seventh of ten children who were born to this worthy pair, the greater number of whom, however, died in infancy. The future painter was named after an elder brother who had lived to be twelve, and who, strange to say, had also shown an inclination towards art. This inclination very soon became apparent also in the second William of this large family, who used, it is said, when a mere baby to get possession of a

bit of chalk, or stray coal, or stick charred in the fire, and scrawl with it over every bare board in shop or mill that he could reach. His ecstatic delight when his mother first gave him permission to use some colors mixed with gum-water is described by himself, and an elder brother's gift of a box of water-colors was never forgotten. He could scarcely sleep that night for joy.

This artistic bent could not, however, be encouraged. Though the gingerbread trade appears to have been profitable, and the "Etty gilding" especially famous, his parents were not rich enough to give their children much advantage in the way of schooling, and William, coming late in the family, probably fared worse than his elder brothers. He was, however, sent to two or three inferior schools, employing his time out of hours not only in the congenial occupation of copying whatever came in his way in the line of art, but also it would seem in taking out the paternal gingerbread, for in after years the celebrated painter was still remembered in York as the "shock-haired boy who brought round the baker's basket."

But before he had attained the age of twelve, both school and home life were over for this poor little lad, who is described by one of his schoolfellows as having been singularly shy and timid, more like a girl or an old man than a boy. Such a nature, added to the sensitive artistic temperament, was ill calculated to bear the rough treatment of a printer's office; nevertheless, an opportunity offering, he was at this early age sentenced to "seven years' captivity," as he always called it, and was apprenticed by his parents to a compositor at Hull, in whose service he had to perform many "harassing and servile duties, late and early, frost and snow, sometimes till twelve at night, and up again at five." He did not even rest on Sunday, for the *Hull Packet*, printed by his master, was published on a Monday, and thus involved Sunday work. This youthful term of servitude was always looked back upon by Etty, in after life, with the bitterest recollection. Not that his master or mistress were purposely unkind to him, but that his position in their house, and his whole occupation in the office, were utterly uncongenial to an aspiring boy who still secretly cherished the hope of one day becoming a painter.

It is to his credit that under these circumstances he performed his duties strictly, and was noted as a steady, industrious apprentice. Very little time could he have had

for cultivating his taste for art, but such miscellaneous reading as came in his way was eagerly devoured and helped greatly in the knowledge that the printer's boy, even under all these difficulties, was gradually acquiring. Several of his artistic attempts at this time have been preserved, one being a rough etching made upon a bad shilling, and another, his earliest oil-picture—a country church painted on a piece of tin about six inches square.

But the seven years' servitude was at length passed, and the "golden hour of twelve on October 23, 1805, struck at last." This was the hour, long watched for on the dial of Hull Church, that released Etty from his apprenticeship, and its date was ever remembered by him down to the last few months of his life as "the anniversary of my emancipation from slavery."

One sees that the iron must have entered deeply into the poor boy's soul, but happily it did not permanently sadden his cheerful spirit nor shake the tenacity of his purpose. From the moment of leaving the office at Hull he cast off the printer's apron and determined to be henceforth not a printer but a painter, "though he should get but threepence a day at it." An uncle who was a gold-lace merchant of some position in London afforded him the desired start by inviting him up to London on a visit for a few months to see what he was capable of.

His artistic powers could not at this time have been very remarkable, but they fortunately satisfied his uncle, who was delighted with the drawing of a favorite cat which his nephew accomplished with such facility and truth to nature, that when the drawing was placed against the fender in the corner pussy loved, "no one," he tells us, "would have taken it for a drawing." His elder brother Walter also, of whom he had not hitherto known much, now took him in charge, and from henceforth we have a beautiful example of fraternal affection in these two brothers, the one helping, and the other being helped, with unembarrassed readiness. Walter, however, at this time was probably not rich enough to afford to establish his young brother, and it was the uncle, William Etty, a worthy British merchant, of whom Etty always spoke in the most grateful terms, who generously paid a hundred guineas to Sir Thomas Lawrence to receive the young student into his house. "Behold me, then," writes Etty in the autobiography * from which these details of his

* Published, in the shape of letters addressed to a relative, in the *Art Journal* in 1849.

early life are chiefly drawn, "in the house of Sir Thomas, in an attic, the window of which you can yet see in Greek Street, Soho Square. I was left to struggle with the difficulties of art and execution; for Lawrence's execution was *perfect, playful yet precise, elegant yet free*. I tried, vainly enough, for a length of time, till *despair* almost overwhelmed me; I was ready to run away; my despondency increased. I was almost beside myself; here was the turn of my fate. I felt I could not get on; the incessant occupation of my master left him but little time to assist me; *despair* of success in copying his works had well-nigh swamped me; but here again is a lesson for the young; a voice within said, '*Persevere*.' I did so, and at last triumphed; but I was nearly beaten."

One can well understand that the fashionable Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his "playful," "precise," and "elegant" mannerism, was scarcely the master to stimulate original genius, but Etty got on no better at first at "*dear Somerset House*," where he was admitted, as probationer in the Academy Schools, in 1807, when he was nearly twenty years of age. Beginning thus late as a pupil, Etty diligently endeavored by earnest application to make up for the years he had lost; but his efforts for a long time seemed unavailing, and he was constantly spoken of by his fellow-students as "poor Etty," and pitied as one not likely to rise to fame.

Among these fellow-students were several whose names were even then beginning to be known. Wilkie, who had entered one year before, was steadily pursuing his own course, and was already engaged upon his "*Blind Fiddler*." Haydon, Jackson, Hilton, Mulready, Leslie, Constable, and Collins, the latter of whom entered in the same week as himself, were also there, a band of rising young artists. But Etty was by no means one of them, and might perhaps have given up his aspirations had it not been for Haydon, who always encouraged him to persevere in his efforts in high art. Slowly but surely, or, as he himself writes, "silently and secretly," he was indeed making his way by daily and nightly study over the dangers and difficulties of his art. For a long time, however, every picture he sent in was refused both by the Royal Academy and the British Institution, and all the many medals he competed for were won by others, to his infinite disappointment and "despair" at the time, but possibly to his ultimate advantage; for "I began to think,"

he writes, "I was not half the clever fellow I had imagined, and indeed I even began to suspect I was no clever fellow at all" (a great lesson learned, at all events). "I thought," he continues, "there must be some radical defect; my master told me the truth in no flattering terms; he said I had a very good eye for color, but that I was lamentably deficient in all other respects. I believed him. I girded up my loins and set to work to cure these defects. I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I studied the skeleton, the origin and insertion of the muscles. I sketched from Albinus, I drew in the morning, I painted in the evening, and after the Royal Academy went and drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitoli, the Clementina, Florentine, and other galleries, finishing the extremities in black-lead pencil with great care. This I did at the London Institution in Moorfields. I returned home, kept up my fire all night, to the great dismay of my landlord, that I might get up early next morning before daylight to draw; in short, I worked with such energy and perseverance to conquer my radical defects, that at last a better state of things began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog, and though I did not get a medal, from an informality on my part, I gained it in point of fact, for my picture was esteemed the best, and Mr. West said of it, it would one day be sold for a Titian."

This better state of things was inaugurated by a small painting of "*Sappho*" being accepted at the British Institution, and getting itself sold for twenty-five guineas. In the same year also—1811—a painting of "*Telemachus rescuing the Princess from the Wild Boar*" was hung in the Royal Academy, but failed to attract notice.

From this time to the end of his life Etty never missed a year in exhibiting either at the British Institution or Royal Academy, and generally several works at both. He had still some years to wait, however, before he achieved anything like reputation, but he persevered undauntingly, making in 1816 a short tour on the Continent by way of improving himself. This trip was not at all satisfactory. Etty, a thorough Englishman, could not relish foreign ways. His beloved teapot was interdicted and finally broken. The *douaniers* annoyed him "like mosquitoes in a swamp." "Nothing can be got," he writes, "but omelettes, cheese, and sour wine," and everywhere, according to this homesick traveller, "rain, banditti, bad

roads," and miserable fare prevailed. At Florence he got so miserable that he decided to return home, and writes to his brother Walter, who paid the expenses of this journey, "If you have formed high hopes of me they shall not be disappointed; but I must dwell among my own people."

All his complaints vanish, however, even the love-sickness which, as well as sea-sickness, had been one of his maladies abroad, when he reaches his old little room in Surrey Street, Strand, where he once more sets to work with his accustomed diligence, inscribing "EARLY RISING! EARLY RISING!" as the motto in his sketch-books.

At last, in 1820, when he was already thirty-three, the slowly ripened fruit of his talent began to find favor with the public. In this year he exhibited at the British Institution a finished sketch for a painting of "Pandora," which attracted the notice of critics, and in the same year he sent to the Academy his "Coral-Finders," which made, as he puts it, "a still greater noise." These were followed up by the "Cleopatra," commissioned by Sir Francis Freeling, of which Sir Thomas Lawrence said to the intensely flattered artist, "They" (the public) "leave Mark Antony" (meaning himself) "whistling in the marketplace and go to gaze on your 'Cleopatra.'" After this and a notice in the *Times* "I drove on," writes Etty, "like another Jehu."

In 1822 Etty again went abroad, and this time managed to endure foreign life for nearly two years. He has given us an interesting, even amusing account of all his doings and adventures in his journal, and in the numerous letters he wrote home to his brother and other friends. As usual he was suffering from the pangs of disappointed love when he went away, and his enjoyment is occasionally clouded by the remembrance of a fair cousin whose portrait he had painted, and whom, in spite of her refusal, he could not quite make up his mind to resign. His love-sorrows, which are freely narrated in his journal, have a somewhat comic aspect. One cannot feel much sympathy, though his feeling seems to have been sincere enough, with a lover who can write thus: "One of my prevailing weaknesses was a propensity to fall in love. Perhaps, however, it is a weakness I would not wish to be incapable of, but what a miserable madness it is — though not without *ces délices*. When I ascended Vesuvius, and when in the horrors of the French Revolution, I was deeply, desperately, almost hopelessly in love. My heart

within was a volcano of itself." This of course was written long after the volcanic period had been passed, but even in old age the susceptible artist seems to have had slight, perhaps not altogether painful, returns of the malady.

In 1824, on coming back to England with years rolling over his head, he determines that something must be done, and so after sending a finished picture of "Pandora crowned by the Seasons," to the Academy, a work of eight or nine figures, he sets to work on his first large canvas and paints the "Combat, or Woman interceding for the Vanquished," exhibited in 1825. This brought him considerable praise from his brother artists, one of whom, John Martin, showed his appreciation by buying this colossal picture at the end of the exhibition for £300, the modest price Etty had himself set upon it. Sir Thomas Lawrence also purchased his "Pandora;" but still the general public and the usual patrons of art held aloof, although Lord Darnley commissioned another big picture, namely, the "Judgment of Paris," exhibited the next year.

His next and greatest attempt at the historic was his noble picture of "Judith," "first conceived," he tells us, "in York Minster, when the solemn tones of the organ were rolling through the aisles." This picture was not sold either at the Academy Exhibition in 1827, or at the British Institution, where it was sent in 1828; but the Scottish Academy, then an infant institution, recognized its merits and desired to become possessed of it. Etty, however, wanted £500, a small price enough, but one too big for the Scottish Academy to pay. After much negotiation, however, he agreed to accept three hundred guineas from the Scottish Academy on condition that he should be allowed to paint two pendants to the "Judith" at a hundred guineas each. This offer the canny Scotch council promptly accepted, and ever since the "Judith" and its pendants have been the boast of their institution. In 1849, indeed, when these pictures were lent to the Society of Arts, they showed their appreciation of their bargain by insuring the centre picture for £2,000, and the two pendants together for the same sum. It is said that they have refused to sell them for that sum, recognizing them, as a Scotch academician has remarked, "as a source of power, progress, and prosperity."

It was not until after the painting of the "Judith," namely, in 1828, when he was forty-one years of age, that he at last

received the long-desired distinction of election to the Royal Academy. All the clever young artists who began their artistic career with him in the Academy Schools had long ago been made academicians, and the fame of many of them was now setting instead of rising. Poor Haydon was in the thickest of his struggle, just released from the bench; Wilkie, newly returned from the long stay abroad which so materially affected his style of painting, was still at the height of his fame; Mulready and Leslie had painted some of their most popular works; and Hilton was keeper of the Royal Academy.

To all these the satisfaction of adding R. A. to their name had now become stale, but to Etty it was a subject of intense gratification, all the more, perhaps, from its having been so long delayed. He expresses his delight in his usual naïve, almost childish, manner, but no added dignity could make him give up his long practice of painting in the life-school. He had always been the most regular of students there, and he would rather, he declares, give up his membership than the life-school. "It fills up a couple of hours in the evening," he adds, "I should be at a loss how else to employ;" so he continued to attend the Academy schools almost to the end of his life.

In 1830 he had an exciting experience of a revolution during a short visit to Paris—three days of horrible street-fighting and lamp-smashing, during which our English artist quietly went on working in the Louvre, to an accompaniment of "the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry in the distance. But I put on a bit more color," he adds, "and worked till about one." The next day the Louvre was attacked.

Etty's enthusiastic feeling for the splendid old minster of his native town has already been mentioned; his grief, therefore, may be imagined when that minster was nearly destroyed by an incendiary fire in 1829. "My heart," he writes, "has been almost broken with this sad intelligence of our dear cathedral," and for some time most of his letters and vehement protestations are concerned with the preservation of the rood screen and other relics of antiquity which reckless innovators proposed to destroy. In this same year also he lost his dear mother, and his simple, affectionate heart is well seen in the letters he writes about her death to his brother and niece. It seems a pity that a heart so gentle and kind should always have been rejected by the fair ladies to whom he was

constantly offering it; but probably by this time he was too fixed in his old bachelor habits, and too devoted to life-schools, etc., to have settled to married life. Besides, he had been now for some years comfortably settled in a house in Buckingham Street Strand, where his young niece, who suited him probably far better than any wife would have done, was his considerate companion, housekeeper, and "right hand." Here, under her care, the crotchety old bachelor was made thoroughly happy, and here some of his most important works were accomplished, besides his great and last epic, the "Joan of Arc," a colossal effort, which cost the painter, who was now getting an old man, worn with asthma and constant cough, more struggle and difficulty than could well be imagined. He bore up, however, inspired by his heroine, through "weather, asthma, and cough, all in triple league against him," until at length the three colossal subjects left his studio to take their chance in the world, and the painter went to Westminster Abbey to return thanks for their completion.

The "Joan of Arc" series was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1847, and was bought by Messrs. Colls, Wethered, and Wass for £2,500 *paid down*, an astounding price for a picture at that time. The work was exhibited afterwards in the provinces, with a short description of the subject written by Etty.

This triumph, greater than any he had imagined in his youth, came to him, however, only when his constitution was too shaken to enjoy it. Etty seems to have felt that his work as a painter of historic themes was over, and for the two remaining years of his life he only occupied himself with slight and fanciful sketches. At the same time, also, he determined to put into execution a long-meditated plan of retiring to his beloved York for the rest of his days. He therefore gave up, not without regret, his position of visitor of the Academy schools, resigned his place at the council board of the School of Design, where he had served, he says, "as many years as Jacob served to obtain a wife," and bought a comfortable, old-fashioned house in Coney Street, in the centre of York, looking on the Ouse as his house in London had looked on the Thames. Here, in June 1848, he removed from London with his niece and all his household goods and some thousands of pictures, studies, copies, casts, books, old armor, and all the paraphernalia of an artist, and settled down in the old city just half a century after he

had left it to begin his battle with the world in a printer's office at Hull.

But the battle and the victory were now well-nigh over. One other recognition, however, awaited him which must have given him great pleasure. In June 1849 a loan exhibition of as many of his works as could be collected was opened at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, and the result was a great success. "This exhibition," writes his biographer, "at once established Etty's fame on a footing it had never before attained, and left his enduring claims no longer doubtful. For mere fame it did more than twenty years of silent labor had effected." He himself says, "The effect astonished all. Nobody seemed to expect what there awaited them. It was triumphant. I am thankful to Almighty God that he has spared me to see that day."

It is pleasant to think of the kind old painter, who had struggled so perseveringly in his early days against difficulty, discouragement, and want of means, going to his rest in this bright halo of success and self-satisfaction. How different to his first encourager, Haydon, for whom the struggle had eventually proved too hard, and who had shortly before, "beaten but not conquered," as he phrases it, died by his own hand!

Death came gently to Etty soon after he returned to York from this exciting exhibition in London. He died on the 13th of November 1849, in his sixty-third year, after but a few days' serious illness, though for many years his health had been failing, and his symptoms gradually growing worse. His wish was to have been buried in York Minster, but as he had failed to set aside the necessary fees for this in his will, this last honor was not accorded him. He had amassed a considerable fortune by the time of his death, the bulk of which he left to his beloved brother Walter, who had aided him so generously in his early days; but he, who was ten years older than Etty, only survived him for three months. His niece inherited his house in York and £200 a year. It is rarely that a painter by his own unaided exertions has been able to leave so much property behind him.

Of Etty's art it is difficult to speak. His coloring is crude, glaring, and often vulgar; his flesh-tones have none of the rich warmth of the Venetian masters, who seemed to see the blood pulsing beneath

the skin, and his drawing is constantly defective. Indeed, Etty was scarcely more than a clever and diligent Academy student, who made the drawing from the live model the end and not the means of his art.

His love of the nude was, indeed, a passion, and this from no tendency to sensuality either in his life or art, but simply because he devoted himself to art for art's sake. He achieved, it must be confessed, a greater knowledge of the nude human body than any other painter of his time, but his grandest efforts appear weak and tawdry if we once come to compare them with the works of any of the great masters of old who made flesh-painting their especial study. Take, for instance, a painting by Paris Bordone or Palma Vecchio, not to speak of Titian and Correggio, and set it beside one by Etty, and the difference not only in coloring but in the whole understanding of the subject will at once become apparent. It was, indeed, mere painting of surface with Etty, with no subtlety of life and movement. He gives himself his method of proceeding: "Resolution. First night, correctly draw and outline the figure only. Second night, carefully paint in the figure with black and white and Indian red, for instance. The next, having secured with copal, glaze, and then scumble in the bloom, glaze into shadows, and touch on the lights carefully, and it is done."

It is to be feared that Etty trusted too much to such recipes for producing his pictures. He had a facile execution and great skill of hand, an intense admiration rather than perception of color, but he wanted the brain to be a truly great painter.

In person, according to Redgrave, Etty was "short and thick-set, with somewhat massive features, deeply scarred with small pox, a face expressive of great benevolence, and a head large — disproportionately large indeed — but tending to a look of power. Slow in speech, and slow and measured in action, rather increased in late years by an asthmatic affection, of a kindly and gentle nature, and of extreme simplicity of character." Add to this that he was a thorough Conservative in politics, classing the Reform Bill and the cholera together as the "two great evils of the day," and we have a tolerably correct likeness of the painter William Etty.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.*

IF there chance to be any reader of this magazine who has reached years of discretion and read without having learned to love Waterton's "Wanderings,"

High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish may claim,
don't let him trouble himself to peruse
another line of this paper, but just go
down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

For him and his congeners no minstrel raptures swell in these pages or elsewhere. Like Peter Bell, to him the primrose by the river's brim will still be a yellow primrose—and nothing more—and this exquisite green and gold octavo which lies before us scintillating with a halo of glorious and many-colored rays, will remain a green and gold octavo, a mere "furniture book," to be stuck up possibly on a prominent place on his shelves, "because no gentleman's library should be without it"—only this and nothing more.

But come hither—or rather, come to this book—all you good fellows whose beards are gray, and who in the remote ages when one Charles Lamb was the chief friend and adviser of a maiden queen, and your chins were smooth, lay by the side of shining stream, or on the soft couch shed from pine-boughs in which the basking west wind was purring overhead in the sunny summer air—or in winter on the hearthrug before crackling yule logs—and read and re-read, and devoured, and absorbed, till they became part of your own very selves, the stories of how the mighty cayman was caught and ridden, how the young boa-constrictor was vanquished and carried home, a subdued and harmless snake, twined round the person of the enchanter who was making you too his thrall. And come hither all you brave youngsters (and for England's sake I hope there are many of you) who, with the sure instinct which goes somehow straight to that which it longs for, have in these latter days found out and revelled in the "Wanderings," amongst the half-forgotten books on the paternal shelves—come one and all and enjoy the rare treat which has been spread for us this anxious Christmas time

by a worthy disciple and friend of Charles Waterton, prince of naturalists, and one of the most simple, brave, humorous, and sagacious of English gentlemen.

Mr. Wood tells us in his short preface how he was fascinated by the book as a boy, read it till he knew it nearly by heart, and looked upon the author "much as the pagans of old regarded their demigods, till not even Sindbad the Sailor was so interesting a personage to me as Waterton the wanderer." In this he is only speaking for hundreds of us who could say the same; but his worship has been more fruitful and practical than that of the rest of us. We were all of us puzzled by the wondrous and uncanny names of beasts, birds, and trees, which abounded in the "Wanderings," and elsewhere could be found in no book accessible to ordinary mortals. I fear there were even some of us who rejoiced in this, and were rather glad than otherwise to remain plunged in the glorious wonderland, with no guide but their hero's descriptions and their own imaginations. Not so Mr. Wood. He felt the need of an interpreter, and resolved to supply it himself, and with the true scientific instinct he has lovingly labored at his editorial task, and has given us an absolutely perfect index in which every living creature and tree mentioned in the "Wanderings" is carefully labelled and characterized, and ranged under its proper scientific name. The least scientific lover of the "Wanderings," however, need not be alarmed. The old squire's prejudices have been religiously respected, and not a word has been altered in our well-loved text, the scientific nomenclature and explanations being kept for the explanatory index. This, though designated by the modest term "index," is indeed a catalogue *raisonné*, one hundred and forty pages in extent, largely illustrated, and full of the knowledge and enthusiasm of one who in these points hardly yields to Waterton himself. Even if it stood by itself, it would be interesting and entirely readable, to the unscientific; moreover, he it observed, no one need read it who shares "the squire's" prejudices, and prefers to know nothing more than what he told them. The *remedium non legendi* has been almost suggested by the form the index takes, but readers should be slow to adopt it, and will soon find that they may enjoy the marvellous description of the effect of the note of the campanero sounding through the silent forests like the tolling of a minster bell, not a bit the less for

* *Wanderings in South America*, etc. By Charles Waterton, Esq. New Edition, with Biographical Introduction and Explanatory Index, by Rev. J. G. Wood, with 100 illustrations. Macmillan and Co., 1879.

knowing that the orthodox ornithologist's name for that bird is *Arapunga alba*, and that it belongs to the family of the chatterers, or that the cayman is called *Champea nigra* by experts. But Mr. Wood has laid the ordinary Watertonian under a deeper obligation than any which his explanatory index may have imposed on the scientific, by his short biographical notice, which fills up charmingly the racy outlines we had all been able to trace long ago for ourselves from the autobiographical passages in the "Wanderings" and the "Essays." It abundantly proves that for the distinguished ornithologist, as for the rest of us, it is after all the man, not the bird-lover and taxidermist who has carried him away captive, and whom he delights to honor.

And what a man it was! The figure grows in breadth, and power, and tenderness, the more we look at it and know about it, till it is scarcely possible to rise from this book without ranking the hero of it amongst the foremost of British worthies of this century. Hundreds of good books of travel and sojourn in the wilderness have appeared, and had their day and disappeared, since Waterton's was published, but the "Wanderings" still stand alone, supreme in interest and character, the work of a man of genius, and destined to remain one of the classics of English literature for many generations.

One of its main negative charms is the entire absence of the lust of slaying, which makes so many of our English sporting travels so offensive. Waterton loves "all things both great and small," and enjoys their company and the study of their wonderful ways, too well to take any pleasure in their slaughter. Unless it be the cayman (as to which disagreeable brute even there may be a doubt) there is only one living creature with which he is in open war, and that is the rat. Here his religious and patriotic instincts come in, for he was of an old Roman Catholic stock, the lords of Walton, which had suffered grievously for its staunch adherence to the old faith. So the Hanoverian rat, which he stoutly maintained had come over in William of Orange's ship, and which "always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house when there is anything to be got," found in him a relentless enemy. At Stonyhurst, where he was one of the first pupils of the English Jesuits, the war began. The place was infested by rats, and the good fathers, with a tact and insight uncommon in educators even nowa

days, recognized and utilized the ability which he showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder, and, without excusing his school-work, allowed him to become the "recognized rat-catcher, fox-taker, and fowls-killer to the establishment." "Moreover," he adds, "I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower and football-maker with entire satisfaction to the public. I was now at the height of my ambition. I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen, the books were moderately well thumbed, and according to my notions all went on perfectly right."

Mr. Wood tells us of another good deed which the Jesuits did to their pupil. One of them, towards the end of his career at Stonyhurst, which he left at eighteen, called the boy into his room, and, after telling him that his roving disposition would carry him into distant countries, asked him to promise that from that time he would never touch wine or spirits. The boy did so, and kept his promise till his death, sixty years afterwards. The roving disposition detected by the Jesuit soon showed itself. After a short stay at home, where he became one of the best riders in Lord Darlington's hunt, taking advantage of the peace of Amiens, he started for Spain, where he saw flamingoes, apes, and vultures at liberty, nearly died of an attack of yellow fever at Malaga, and escaped from the plague-stricken town in a merchantman, whose captain consented to break the embargo. Forty-four years later, Waterton, happening to be in Hull, sought out the captain to whom he probably owed his life, and renewed the acquaintance so happily begun.

Yorkshire, with all its attractions for a young sportsman, could not keep him long, and his next start was for Demerara, to manage the estates of his father and uncle there. It was at this time that he made his first expedition into the interior, being appointed in 1808 as bearer of despatches to the governor of Orinoco, the first commission any member of his family had held since the reign of Queen Mary. Mr. Wood gives a bright sketch of this expedition, full of humor and adventures, but it is not included in the canonical wanderings. It was during this stay in Demerara that he became friends with Mr. Edmonstone, whose daughter he married in 1829. It was only after the death of his father, when he had been home to take possession of his Yorkshire estate, and set it in order, that he at last, in 1812, at the age of thirty,

fairly gave himself up to follow his star, and started for the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo. The object of his first journey was twofold — to collect the wourali poison, and reach the inland frontier of Portuguese Guiana. So he thought and wrote, but we take it the instinct which drew him into tropical forests would have as surely prevailed, had neither the poison nor the frontier ever existed. Here is his costume for work. "A thin flannel waistcoat, under a check shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat, were all my wardrobe; shoes and stockings I seldom had on." They irritated his feet, and hindered him in the chase. His abstemiousness and splendid constitution made it easy for him to live anywhere, and carried him through many attacks of fever and ague brought on by exposure and unwholesome food, in spite of all his efforts to cut short his own career. For it is astounding to think that he should have survived his own doctoring for so many years. "Shouldst thou ever wander through these remote and dreary wilds, gentle reader," he says, in his third journey, "forget not to carry with thee bark, laudanum, calomel, and jalap, and the lancet." He not only carried them, but used them on himself to such purpose, that the vampire bats would never touch him, though he was eager for the experience, and used to leave his foot outside his hammock to tempt them. (One of the most delicious touches of humor in the book is connected with vampires, the scene up the River Paumaron, where the Scotchman in the next hammock to Waterton begins "letting fall an imprecation or two just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers." "What is the matter, sir," said I softly, "is there anything amiss?" etc., p. 227.) He told Mr. Wood that he had bled himself upwards of a hundred and fifty times; and he would often take as much as twenty or twenty-five ounces from his emaciated but vigorous body, and follow up the bleeding with twenty grains of jalap, mixed with ten of calomel!

The first three wanderings occupied about ten years, and ended with an adventure at the Liverpool custom-house, which seems to have kept him at home three years in disgust. In 1824, however, he came across Wilson's "Ornithology of the United States," which roused the old passion, and he was soon on his way to New York. After spending a few weeks in the States and Canada, in which he discovered that the people were most hospitable and

charming, but that he had come to "the wrong place to look for bugs, bears, brutes, and buffaloes," he returned to his old tropical haunts and pursuits, and gathered the materials of his last discourse to the gentle readers whom he had been "tu-toi-ing," bantering, instructing, and delighting in his three former wanderings. The reception of these by the public was encouraging enough, but the critics declared his natural history to be romance, and his stories impossible. Characteristically enough he made no reply, unless it were by the production of the famous "nondescript" on his title-page, which he referred to as a specimen of the new method he had hit upon after much study of making the skins of quadrupeds retain their exact form and features, even to the pouting lips, dimples, warts, and wrinkles on the faces. He invites his readers to go out and look for another specimen, assuring them that there are yet innumerable discoveries to be made in these remote wilds. Over the "nondescript" he tells us that learned persons might "argue at considerable length, and perhaps after all produce little more than prolix pedantry" (p. 225). As a man of science, perhaps Mr. Wood was justified in suppressing this famous work of art, and giving us the cold-blooded description of our lamented "nondescript" in the index, showing that he was nothing after all but a "howling monkey," wonderfully manipulated by Waterton. Still, we are inclined to take this single objection to the editor's exercise of discretion. If he felt it his duty to explain the nondescript, and to deprive us of the satisfaction of believing that (as Sydney Smith suggested) it was the head of a master in Chancery, he might at least have reproduced for us a better engraving of the original, which is apparently still in existence in the museum of Ushant College.

The fourth, however, is the least valuable of the journeys, the palm lying between the first and third, and on the whole we think remaining with the latter, in which, while the descriptions are still as delightful as the earlier ones, the presence of Daddy Quashi, Mr. Edmonstone's negro, a sort of Sancho Panza, with "a brave stomach for heterogeneous food," who could "digest, and relish too, cayman, monkeys, hawks, and grubs," introduces a new and humorous feature in the narrative. The scene at the taking of the cayman (pp. 272, 3), when, after chasing Daddy Quashi on the sandbank, Waterton returns to the Indians, and finds them squatted on their

hams, refusing wholly to be parties to drawing the dangerous beast out of the water and securing him, and walks up and down, revolving how it is to be managed, is delightfully comic, as is Waterton's own appreciation of it. "Here, then, we stood in silence, like the calm before a thunderstorm, '*Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.*' They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive." The transparent honesty which savors all the humor, quaintness, and sentiment of the "Wanderings" will remain their chief attraction for the general reader; but, besides all this, their intrinsic value and the rank of their author in his favorite pursuit, have been vindicated so completely, that Mr. Wood can now write: "Whether at home or abroad, his investigations were so close and careful, and his conclusions so just, that he is now acknowledged to be a guide absolutely safe in any department of natural history which came within his scope. No one would think of disputing Waterton's word. If he denied, or even doubted the statements of others, his doubts would have great weight, and would lead to a closer investigation of the subject. But if he asserted anything to be a fact, his assertion would be accepted without scruple."

In 1829 he was married to Ann Edmonstone, daughter of his old friend, she being seventeen and he forty-eight. His wife died in the next year, leaving him with an only son. From this time he gave up wandering, and devoted himself to his child in his Yorkshire home, to which came his two sisters-in-law, and remained there till his death. Of his wife he never could bear to speak.

His life at Walton Hall during those thirty-four years, has always been better known than the "Wanderings," but is most freshly reproduced by Mr. Wood, and a number of invaluable touches added. A more suggestive contrast to ordinary English country-house life would be difficult to imagine. The squire lived in a room at the top of his house, which had neither bed nor carpet; he slept on the floor in a blanket, with an oak log for a pillow. He rose at three, and was clean shaven, and in his private chapel by four, at his books (chiefly Latin and Spanish) and his accounts till eight, when breakfast was served on the stroke of the staircase clock, once the property of Sir Thomas More, one of his famous ancestry, amongst whom were also no less than six saints of the Roman Catholic calendar (p. 3). From

that time till dinner he was amongst his birds and trees, turning his ugly Yorkshire valley into a veritable wonderland, and at the stroke of eight he retired to his room. He built a wall all round his park of two hundred and fifty acres, ranging from eight to sixteen feet in height, and "modified all within it to the use of birds, caring much more for their comfort than his own" (p. 39). His trees he watched and loved as much as his birds, and doctored them with far greater success than he had achieved in physicking mankind. It was a favorite habit of his to sit amongst their highest branches, watching birds, and reading Horace or Virgil, even after he was eighty; and he often astonished visitors at the Hall by inviting them in perfect good faith to accompany him. He had himself, in his early manhood, twice climbed to the top of the cross on St. Peter's—once to leave his glove on the top of the lightning conductor, and again at the pope's desire (no workman in Rome being willing to risk his neck in the operation) to take it off again—so could not understand losing one's head in tree-climbing. And his humor played about his trees and birds and buildings, and the groups in the park were known as the Twelve Apostles, the Eight Beatitudes, the Seven Deadly Sins, and an oak and Scotch fir twined together going by the name of Church and State. But as to all these matters, and his "dodges" for tempting birds to build, for enticing poachers to fire at wooden birds, and the blue and gold-buttoned raiment in which he lived, and his hospitalities, and his treatment of his estates and neighbors, we must refer readers to Mr. Wood, who combines the enthusiasm of a disciple with the loving reticence of a friend and a well-bred gentleman.

There is one authentic anecdote of the squire, not given by him, but characteristic enough to deserve a place in the memoir. When he had succeeded in closing the bridle-road through his park, which interfered so grievously with the comfort of the birds and beasts to whom it was devoted, there were still persons who persisted in using it, amongst whom a butcher of Wakefield was conspicuous, a sturdy Protestant tradesman, who had ridden along it ever since he could remember, and openly avowed his intention of continuing to do so. One evening after sunset, he turned his horse's head as usual along the accustomed path, and jogged comfortably along, defying squire and pope in his mind, until he came under the dark

shadow of some trees which overhung the roadway. Suddenly a whoop, which made his heart leap, sounded in his ear, and, dropping from a tree or springing from the ground—which of the two he could never rightly tell—a something alighted on his horse's quarters, just behind the saddle. The next moment his arms were pinioned to his side by an embrace which made him powerless, and his frightened steed broke into a wild gallop which soon brought him to the park boundary. The gate was open, and, as he passed through it, his arms were suddenly released, and he was again alone on his horse, while another whoop rang in his ears as he galloped on towards Wakefield. He reached home safely, a feeble and repentant Protestant butcher, and from that day the bridle-road through Walton Park saw him no more.

At the age of eighty-three, while still able to climb his trees, and cut his jokes, and as full of pleasant wisdom as in his best days, Waterton caught his foot in a bramble at the end of the park, where he had gone to give orders to carpenters, and felt heavily with his side on a stump. He knew at once the extent of his hurt, got to his boat, and to the house, changed his clothes as usual, and walked to the first floor on his way to his own room without help. There he yielded to the entreaties of his sisters-in-law, and lay down in their sitting-room, where he died next morning, the 27th May, 1865, just as dawn was breaking. He had chosen his own burial-place in a secluded part of the park, where he was laid by the Bishop of Beverley and fourteen priests, in the presence of many friends, and eighty-three aged poor (that being the number of his years), who received a dole in bread and money. He had already put up a plain stone cross at the spot, on the base of which was now engraved the inscription written by himself:—

Orate pro animâ
CAROLI WATERTON,
Cujus fessa,
Juxta hanc crucem,

Natus 1782. Sepeliuntur Ossa. Obiit 1865.

To the shame, be it spoken, of the younger generation which saw his end, the "Wanderings" were actually allowed to go out of print, and we can speak for the exceeding difficulty of obtaining a copy in late years. We trust that Mr. Wood's delightful volume is a proof that this evil state of things is over. At any rate, we know of no volume better turned out in all

respects than this, or more needed at this present time. For, if there be one figure and example which it may possibly be of use to hold up before the eyes of our many-wanted, much-spending, little-enjoying *jeunesse dorée*, it is that of Charles Waterton.

THOS. HUGHES.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

THE French Geographical Society will shortly hold a special meeting at the Sorbonne to welcome Lieutenant Savorgnan de Brazza and Dr. Bellay, who have just returned to France from their three years' expedition in equatorial Africa. The expedition was undertaken for the purpose of tracing the course of the River Ogôwâi in the French settlement of Gaboon; and at the end of 1874 Lieutenant Savorgnan de Brazza and Dr. Bellay landed upon the west coast, accompanied by M. Marche, who had been the companion of the late Marquis de Compiegne in more than one of his journeys, but who did not go very far with them. Both the lieutenant and the doctor were laid up with fever for some time; and it was not until August, 1875, that they left the last of the European factories at Lambaréné, the real starting-point of their expedition, with an escort of twelve *laptots* (native Senegal troops in the French service) under the command of Quartermaster Hamon. The course of the River Ogôwâi may be divided into three sections of about equal length—the upper, the middle, and the lower. The middle section follows the equatorial line, the two others bending about one degree southward, the one towards its source, the other towards its mouth. The goods and the baggage had to be conveyed in canoes and upon the backs of natives; but throughout the whole of their journey M. de Brazza and Bellay had great difficulty in obtaining any assistance from the blacks; and towards the end they encountered open hostility. Halting at Lopé, a large village situated on the Ogôwâi, about half-way between its source and the Atlantic, the travellers made a journey into the territory of the Fans, who seemed very friendly; and from thence to Doumé, much higher up the river. Here M. de Brazza was struck down by illness, and the expedition remained at Doumé till the spring of 1877. Above the falls of Poubara the

Ogôwái becomes a very insignificant stream; and the expedition might have ended there, for the question as to whether the Ogôwái communicated with large inland lakes was settled in the negative; but the leaders determined to explore the country beyond the source of the river. In March, 1878, they were compelled to renounce the services of the free natives and to secure forty slaves, who were far more docile, and who were well rewarded for their work. After leaving the basin of the Ogôwái, the expedition suffered a good deal from want of food and water, the country being devastated by famine; but matters mended when they reached the N'yambo, a stream flowing eastward, which brought them to a large river, the Alima, not indicated upon any map. This river, which is nearly two hundred yards broad at many points and about sixteen feet deep, is, as they believe, one of the tributaries of the Congo. They followed the Alima for some distance, partly on foot, partly in canoes; but they were attacked at various points by the natives; and after three of the escort had been wounded they felt it necessary to return their fire. Anxious to avoid a night attack on the river, M. de Brazza and Dr. Bellay disembarked their men, and threw up some entrenchments, which were attacked the next day by the natives, whom they succeeded in repulsing. Having only fifteen guns, and with their ammunition running short, they resolved, however, to abandon the course of the stream, which continued to run eastward; and, making towards the north, they found the natives less hostile, but they could not obtain any provisions. After crossing several streams, all of which flowed eastward, the expedition was obliged to separate; M. de Brazza pursuing his journey beyond the equatorial line, while Dr. Bellay and Quartermaster Hamon awaited him at the falls of Poubara. M. de Brazza made some progress in this direction; but, the rainy season setting in and barring his further progress, he rejoined his companions in September, the expedition getting back to Gaboon at the end of November. The expedition had lasted three years, during fifteen months of which its members were cut off from all communication with the civilized world; while for the last five months they had to march barefooted, their legs covered with sores, and half-starved. But they can set against this the fact that eight hundred miles of grounds were covered, more than half on foot, and that the area of ground hitherto unexplored which has

been brought within the domain of geography is equal to that of Belgium.

From The Academy.

THE ARCHIMANDRITE PALLADIUS.

WE regret to announce the death of the archimandrite Palladius, the head of the Russian ecclesiastical mission at Peking. Only a few weeks since the archimandrite returned to Europe in the hope of enjoying the repose to which his long residence in China had entitled him. Scarcely, however, had he landed at Marseilles when his health, which had been failing, gave way, and he gradually sank. During the many years he resided at Peking he devoted his leisure hours to the study of the literature of the country, and thus gained a more extensive knowledge of the history, philosophy, and religions of China than that possessed by any European scholar. Although Palladius never published any separate work, he was a large contributor to the periodical published by the mission at Peking, entitled *Trudni chlenor Rossiiskoi Dukhovnoi Missii V Pekinye* (1852-1866, 4 vols., 8vo). In the first volume appeared his "Life of Buddha;" in the second his "Historical Studies on Ancient Buddhism;" in the third "The Navigation between Tientsin and Shanghai;" and in the fourth "An Ancient Mongol Account of the Life of Jenghiz Khan;" *Si you ki*, "the description of a journey to Western countries;" and "The Mohammedans in China." To the *Recueil Oriental* he contributed two valuable articles: (1) "Ancient Traces of Christianity in China;" and (2) "An Ancient Chinese Account of the Life of Jenghiz Khan." In the Proceedings of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, 1871, there appeared an article by him on a "Journey from Peking to Blagoveshtchensk through Manchuria;" and to the Proceedings of the Geographical Society of Siberia he contributed in 1867 "The Translation of the Journal of Ching Chin, 1248," and in 1874 "The Journey of Chang Te-hui from Peking to the Summer Residence of Khubilai Khan in Western Mongolia in 1248." It is said that at the time of his death Palladius was preparing to publish a Chinese-Russian dictionary which already existed in manuscript. Such a work by so ripe a scholar would be of inestimable value to students of Chinese, and it is earnestly to be hoped that — not like Mayers's Korean grammar — it will yet be given to the public.